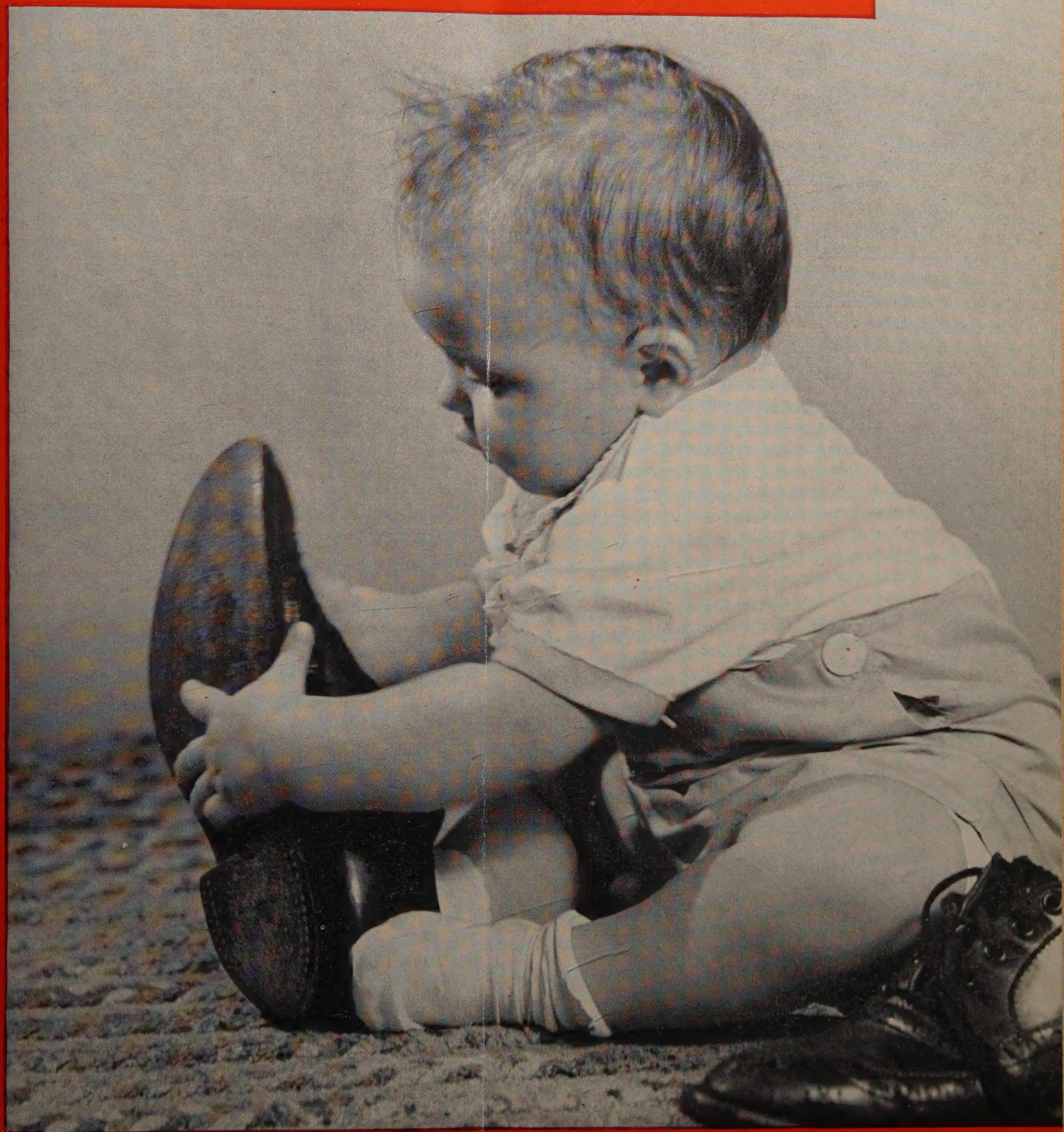


The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
earthstone



- **Our Family and the Stars—***Harold G. Barr*
- **Willing or Not, Parents Are Teachers of Religion—***Lulu Hamilton*

JUNE, 1953 — 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

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Today's Fathers

Father's shoes, all wrinkled and worn grace our Cover. But our little cover boy likes them just the same, and tries to fill them, even at this early age.

Filling Father's shoes today is far from easy, say what you will about our country's pioneers. Theirs was a struggle against nature. True, they needed physical stamina to endure long hours of labor; they needed self-reliance and initiative to thrust ahead where none had gone before. But pioneer fathers gave no thought to guaranteed security. They could always find work to do, and if they worked hard enough and long enough and did not succumb to physical exhaustion, they had their security, plus a sense of achievement and of personal worth.

Today's fathers must withstand strains that are not physical but mental—anxiety because work is sometimes hard to find; frustration because they cannot use their minds or muscles. And when they work they must withstand constant pressure to increase speed and efficiency, to learn new techniques, to meet keen competition. Under such circumstances, they find it difficult to feel a sense of achievement or to retain a sense of individual personal worth.

Today's fathers, to obtain relief, turn to community activities, hobbies, and family fun. To restore their sense of personal worth, they turn to religion—to the teachings of Jesus.

● **This Issue . . .** Almost a Father's Day special! "A Father's Counsel" is the scriptural theme. In the first article, a father introduces other fathers (and mothers) to a fascinating hobby—astronomy—and an expert lists some books to use. The title "Give Them Something to Remember" is not an old-fashioned father's threat of vigorous woodshed discipline. Instead, it suggests that parents spend more time with their children. A well-known writer supplies the study article, "Willing or Not, Parents Are Teachers of Religion." And a party plan . . . for Father's Day, of course!

● **Next Month . . .** Idris W. and Elizabeth N. Jones begin a series of study articles with, "So You Want a Christian Home!" Other titles: "The Christian in the Legal Profession; Let's Move to the Country; Write Letters This Summer; Your Father and I . . . ; Camp Confidences.

—I. P. B.

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A Father's Counsel . . .

Hear, O sons, a father's instruction,
and be attentive, that you may gain insight;
for I give you good precepts:
do not forsake my teaching.
When I was a son with my father,
tender, the only one in the sight of my mother,
he taught me, and said to me,
"Let your heart hold fast my words;
keep my commandments, and live;
do not forget, and do not turn away from the words of my mouth.
Get wisdom; get insight.
Do not forsake her, and she will keep you;
love her, and she will guard you.
The beginning of wisdom is this: Get wisdom,
and whatever you get, get insight."—Proverbs 4:1-7.

A Word from The Word

PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH

by Pintoricchio

(1454-1513)

National Gallery of Art

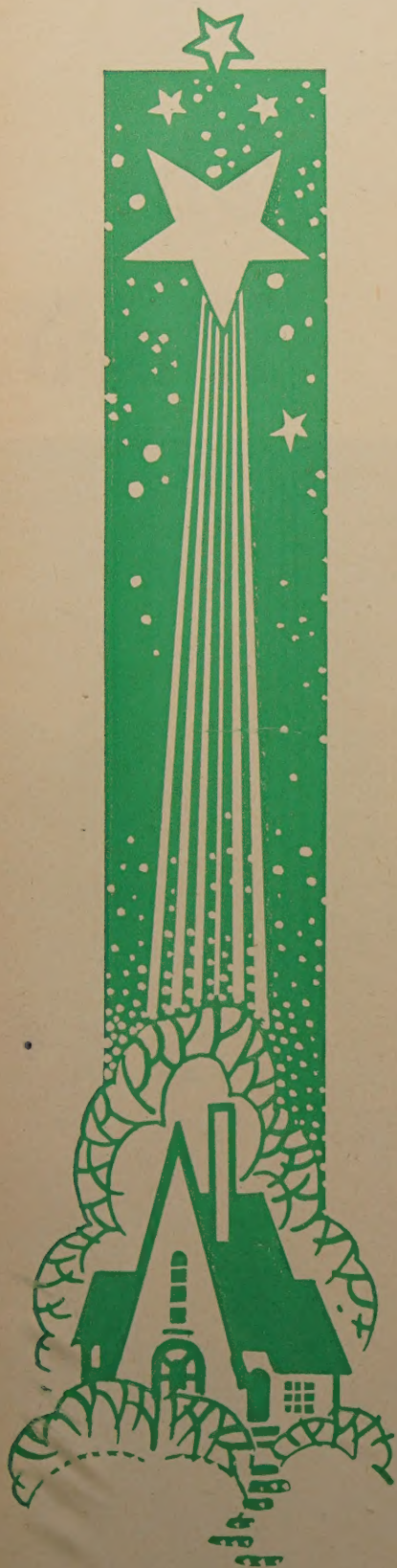
Washington, D. C.

Kress Collection



By **Harold G. Barr**

*Dean of the School of Religion
of the University of Kansas*



STUDYING the stars makes a delightful hobby for all members of the family. It is an adventure to suit the varied interests of every person, through the whole sweep of the changing years. It brings pleasure and profit to little children in the storytelling stage, to juniors in the outdoor, wild-savage period, to inquiring youth, and to meditative old age.

Stars as a hobby have a decided advantage over collecting stamps, old bottles or fancy buttons, by which we mean no disparagement of those who love collections. Stars can come into the family life without driving anyone else out. There is nothing to buy, assemble, clutter up the house, or disturb the regular routine of anyone.

Every hobby, of course, is personal. That which we do in our spare time for sheer enjoyment, must appeal to us individually. And there can be little rhyme or reason to our likes and dislikes. The imported porcelain birds which give Mary ecstatic thrills, make Jim feel like a bull in a china shop, but Jim's dogs of rare breed are just a plain nuisance to Mary. So it is evident that unless the family of which we are a part can develop some kind of interest, or at least tolerance, for our hobby, our source of keen delight may become a severe trial to those about us.

To be sure, following any kind of hobby with enthusiasm may make one a bit queer in the sight of his neighbors. The only time I ever had a constable investigate my activities was in pursuit of the hobby of star-gazing. We were new in the community and everything appeared strange. For some

reason, even the compass had swung a quarter turn, so that north seemed west and south, east. Armed with a star chart and a flashlight, I went out one night to get myself oriented. Certainly the stars would set me straight and give me a sense of at-homeness. I proceeded to flash my light on the chart and then identify the constellations in the sky, alternately looking at the heavens and my map. But all of a sudden a deep voice called out: "Hey, Bub, what do you think you're up to?" Someone had reported that an unknown man was prowling around, peeking in windows!

Stars have been a hobby of mine since college days. It was my rare privilege to study astronomy under Dr. Daniel W. Morehouse at Drake University during my first two years and to be associated with him as the observatory assistant during the next two. The fine, accurate scholarship, the enthusiasm for astronomy, and the warm, gracious personality of this great Christian teacher gave me a love of the stars from which I can never escape. Sometimes I have ridden my hobby with diligence, sometimes the pressure of other work has crowded it far into the background, but always there has been a return. No one who has known me has been unaware of my interest in the stars, my family least of all.

Since you do not collect stars or paste them in a book or line them up in the window or on bric-a-brac shelves, astronomy is an inexpensive hobby. A clear sky and two good eyes—nothing more—can bring you much benefit. The books which you can borrow from

Here's a hobby to draw the family together, for in this age, as in ages past, children of ALL ages enjoy amateur astronomy

Our Family an

any school or city library, the articles which appear rather regularly in every newspaper, conversation with anyone who loves the outdoors, will be sufficient to enable you to carry on this pastime.

While it was my privilege to work with unusually adequate equipment at Drake University during my college years and while I have always lived in a community with an observatory since that time, my personal materials have been no more than a set of astronomical slides, a few textbooks and a pair of low-power field glasses. Many amateur astronomers have built their own telescopes or have bought elaborate instruments. But that is not necessary. The ancient Babylonians found out much more about the stars without the aid of instruments than most hobbyists will ever learn today.

But how does the family come into such a hobby? The questions little children ask present the ideal situation for the beginning of this family hobby. Some questions come to them naturally; others are the result of the stray bits of information from adult conversations they happen to hear. Is it true that the world goes round and round? Where is the North Star? Why is the Great Dipper sometimes upside down? What are the names of the bright stars? How can you tell a planet?

Vacations offer other opportunities—the bright skies in Colorado, a northern view of the heavens in Canada, a more southern view in Virginia. If the family travels from east to west or west to east, the strange question of time comes up. Why do we change our clock backward as we travel west, and forward as we travel east? In

THE STARS in Scripture and in Verse

O LORD, our Lord,
how majestic is thy name in all the earth!

When I look at thy heavens, the
work of thy fingers,
the moon and the stars which thou
hast established;
what is man that thou art mindful
of him,
and the son of man that thou dost
care for him?

Yet thou hast made him little less
than God,
and dost crown him with glory
and honor.

—PSALM 8:1, 3-5

Then the LORD answered Job out of
the whirlwind:

"Can you bind the chains of the
Pleiades,
or loose the cords of Orion?
Can you lead forth the Mazzaroth in
their season,
or can you guide the Bear with its
children?"

Do you know the ordinances of the
heavens?
Can you establish their rule on the
earth?"

—JOB 38:1, 31-33

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining
frame,

Their great Original proclaim:

For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

—JOSEPH ADDISON, *Ode*

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.

—EDGAR ALLAN POE, *The Bells*

One sun by day, by night ten thou-
sand shine;
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and
might.

—EDWARD YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*

going to the east coast one summer and to the west coast another, we observed how the sun preceded us or followed us in our travels. A department store we passed in Kansas City had a series of clocks which record the time in Denver, San Francisco, New York, London, Berlin and Tokyo. Our hobby often branches into all kinds of interesting sidelines. Many college campuses we visited had sun dials of various descriptions. Newspapers frequently print stories dated hours and sometimes a day before the date of the paper. Daylight-saving time has been a topic of lively discussion in our family as the whole theory of time has come to our notice. In the summer of 1935, even though our daughters were quite small, they asked many questions as their father changed his watch eleven times going to and from the World Convention in England and as he went to old Greenwich Observatory to straddle the prime meridian, with one foot in the western hemisphere and one in the eastern.

Our family, like most others in our generation, has been active in the Scouts. Before our daughters were old enough even to be Brownies, groups of young people commenced coming to our home to

study the stars. First, it was my wife's group of Camp Fire Girls. Then, for a number of years, all the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts who wished to work on an astronomy merit badge came to the study to talk over star lore and pass examinations. The set of lantern slides, showing all the familiar constellations, the planets, star clusters and nebulae was in frequent use at troop meetings and at country schools. Of course, at home these slides were viewed repeatedly.

Back in college days, it was the custom of Dr. and Mrs. Morehouse to invite the astronomy classes to their home for an all-night party during the November meteor shower known as the Leonids. Our family has not followed the custom of watching this shower each year, but on October 9, 1945, when the Draconids gave us an unusual demonstration, about one meteor a second, we did spend some time watching them and tracing their paths. And when we are driving at night in August, the Perseids frequently send "shooting stars" across the sky that can be noticed even from a rapidly moving car.

It seems that almost anywhere one goes some opportunity is pre-

ne Stars



sented for following the star hobby. Chicago, with its many attractions, has something for every taste, but can any of the Windy City's sights inspire the whole family more than a visit to Adler Planetarium? The afternoon we spent there has led to many return engagements as different members of the family have been in Chicago. In the planetarium one is able to see all the sky, the southern hemisphere as well as the parts of the heavens familiar to all of us. Day and night and the changes of the whole year are shown as no one could see them unless he were a constant observer of the sky. The movements of the planets through long periods of time are run across our vision in a few moments. Eclipses, comets, and the unusual events of stellar space which only a lifetime could bring to our experience, are presented to our vision as if by magic.

The various members of our family have been to Chicago on a number of occasions. In that we are more fortunate than some other families. But planetariums are now to be found in several places. Motion pictures have been made of many portions of the sky, and stellar happenings are shown in school rooms all over the country. Even the fantastically imaginative pictures showing trips to the moon and interplanetary travel give a chance for the pursuit of this fascinating hobby.

Our family, of course, has always lived in a personage. It has been our hope that a religious atmosphere has pervaded everything which has gone on there. Our hobby of the stars certainly has added to our appreciation of the psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." One cannot study the stars without becoming aware of man's relative smallness in comparison to the stars. Twice our family traveled across the United States from coast to coast. That is

a long distance, even with modern, fast-speeding cars. How that long journey helps in the appreciation of the size of the earth! But the moon's distance from the earth is ten times greater than the earth's circumference—250,000 miles. To the sun it is 93 million miles, or 3600 times the earth's circumference. To the nearest star, 270,000 times as far away as our sun, a distance which takes four years for light to travel. God's universe is immense beyond belief. Yet, when the stars have become a family hobby, one can believe that God cares for every one of his children, even as in the family every member is of infinite worth.



Resources for the Star-Hobbyist

Books, Chart, Magazine for Teen-Agers and Adults—

Knowing how impatient you would be to pursue the hobby Dr. Barr describes, and how few would have more than an encyclopedia article as a source of information, we sought the aid of an astronomer, Mrs. Jessica Young Stephens, Associate Professor of Astronomy at Washington University (St. Louis). Dr. Stephens responded with a lively interest in our project and promptly compiled this invaluable list of recent publications for adults and teen-agers. Some may be available in your local libraries; if not, they may be ordered through your religious publishing house.

"The Star Explorer," a chart, published for the Junior Astronomers' Club. Hayden Planetarium, N. Y. 24, N. Y. It shows the stars but not the planets.

Sky and Telescope, a monthly magazine. Sky Publishing Co., Cambridge, Mass. Each issue contains a star map for the following month.

Pictorial Astronomy, by D. Alter and C. H. Clemminshaw. Crowell, 1952. \$4.50. Excellent pictures.

The Stars: A New Way to See Them, by H. A. Rey, an artist. Houghton Mifflin, 1952. \$4.00. The jacket is a large star map. Illustrations show the constellations and the imaginary figures they suggest.

The Stars: A Guide to the Constellations, by H. S. Zim and R. H. Baker. Simon & Schuster, 1951. 150 pp.; \$1.00. Very good even though inexpensive.

A Field Book of the Skies, by W. J. Olcott. Putnam Sons, 1929. \$3.50. Useful.

New Handbook of the Heavens, by H. J. Bernhard and others. McGraw Hill, 1948. \$3.00. Very good.

The Stars Are Yours, by J. S. Pickering. Macmillan, 1948, 264 pp.; \$3.95.

Measuring Our Universe, by Oliver J. Lee. Ronald Press, 1950. \$3.00. Part of the Humanizing Science Series. Well written; makes a difficult subject understandable.

Life on Other Worlds, by H. Spencer Jones. Mentor Book, 1949. Interesting; inexpensive.

Palomar; the World's Largest Telescope, by Helen Wright. Macmillan, 1951. 188 pp.; \$3.75.

Children's Books—

The Stars for Sam, by Wm. M. Reed. Harcourt Brace, 1931. 190 pp.; \$3.00. "Written for children, but adults like it, too," says Professor Stephens.

Planet Earth, by Rose Wyler. Henry Schuman, Inc., 1952. \$2.50. Shows the earth's place in the universe and tells about the earth.

The Story of Our Calendar, by Ruth Brindze. Vanguard Press, 1949. 64 pp.; \$2.50. Tells how the sun, moon and stars give us our calendar. Well illustrated.

Films—

The Solar System. Coronet Films, 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill.

The Sun's Family. Young America Films, Inc., 18 E. Forty-first St., New York, N. Y.

May your star harvest be bounteous and your joy of exploration immeasurable!

—I. P. B.



What lies beyond the first pay checks? That is a question for youths to consider as they begin vocational training or search for their first permanent employment

"A great tradition of skilled craftsmanship is America's . . . a history of men who took pride in the work of their own hands." In that tradition this highly skilled worker plies his craft at the Corning Glass Works.

Which shall it be?

TWO YOUNG MEN left the personnel manager's office and walked down the antiseptically clean corridor. The hum of machinery came to them from behind closed doors, one of which they finally passed through and then turned to go in opposite directions.

"Be seeing you, Joe."

"Sure, Tom, but I still can't see why you're going that way."

Tom grinned: "You will, Joe, some day."

Each was walking toward his first job, Joe toward a \$20 a day

job in the machine shop, Tom toward his apprenticeship at \$50 a week.

It was that difference that Joe did not see, could not understand. That Tom, of his own will, chose the apprenticeship was a still greater mystery.

"Make as much money as you can," said Joe. "And get everything that's coming to you."

"Acquire as much skill as you can," said Tom, "and give as much as you can in return."

Back in the office the personnel

manager shook his head over Joe's card and muttered, "Another one." Shifting his glance to Tom's card, he grinned, "Smart fellow, this one."

Another reaction Joe would not have understood.

But let us look through the personnel manager's eyes at the past, present and future life of the skilled tradesman. Let us see why he shakes his head over Joe and nods with pleasure over Tom.

Back at the turn of the century a young man saw his future in re-

For centuries,
This untamed waterfall
Leaped to the gorge below with frightening power,
Dashing to splinters the venturesome canoe,
Cleaving the stubborn rock.

Today,
Majestic still,
No loser for its giving,
It lights a hundred million homes
By its hidden power.

Now . . . in this very moment . . .
O Spirit of the living God,
Cut deeper channels in the selfish rock;
Transform your power within me
To light for groping men.

BELLE CHAPMAN MORRILL

lation to the immediate vicinity of his home town and state. What could he contribute to his family, to his community, to his country? He took pride in the work of his hands, in upholding the dignity of his job and of himself as an individual. He knew that the accumulation of money and the winning of success are not necessarily the same thing.

The young man of today should be even more aware of these same qualities and in reference not only to his immediate surroundings but to the whole world.

But is he?

Well, there are some Toms for which we are grateful. But also there are too many Joes, and Joe for the most part is aware only of quantity. How much money? How soon? How fast? How much for how little?

This Joe is skilled. He is skilled at loafing on the job but he wants a raise. He is skilled at criticizing his company but he demands more benefits. He lets "the other guy" do it but demands shorter hours.

Have you met Joe? Of course you have. Hundreds of him, you say. But what produces Joe? What causes his peculiar twist of mind?

Some phrase the same question in a more universal way: Why is the world in its present state of

turmoil? More and more leaders are coming to the conclusion, long overdue, that we are not at peace because we have left God out of the picture, made a nice convenient Sunday God of him but denied him a place in our everyday lives in our homes and in our jobs.

Will we find Christ in the market place?

Not today.

Here is what the personnel manager sees in the future, say ten years from now: Joe is still with the company and still working but at the same job he had that first day.

Tom? Tom in two years became foreman. He is now a supervisor with a high salary, over and above Joe.

The difference is easy to see ten years later, not so easy to see at the time the choice must be made.

The treasurer of a well-known company, in a recent discussion on the \$2.00-an-hour man, remarked of Joe: "He is not skilled. He only thinks he is. What he knows is routine. We can pick any man off the street and in two days train him to do the same job. On the other hand, Tom, the apprentice, in two or three years *really knows* the job, in fact he knows the whole business. He is skilled and there is no limit as to how far he can go because he is of value to the com-

pany. He is not easily replaced.

"But for Joe there is no place to advance. He stays where he is because that precise little job is the only thing he can do. And he can be replaced by almost anyone."

With opportunities such as they are today and a world in chaos needing skilled, ethical workers, it is for you, young Christians of 1953, to smarten up, see this difference and act on it.

The vision of material gain has blown up like a gigantic balloon to block from view the spiritual values. Unfortunately, those with their eyes fixed on this balloon forget how a little prick can break it. Then there is nothing left.

We need to look away from the balloon, to look backwards to regain our sense of balance. A great tradition of skilled craftsmanship is America's. Ours is a history of men who took pride in the work of their own hands.

Paul Revere is remembered today for his famous ride. How many know the work of his hands, the excellent symmetry and gleaming finish of his silver which survives in museums today as examples of his exquisite hand craftsmanship?

Men such as he passed on a proud tradition. What are we doing to perpetuate it?

There is another question. What can you, the skilled craftsman, contribute to the welfare of your fellow man?

The answer is of great significance in what we call our "Christian" world.

In that world we hear workers talking about a just wage, higher wages, fewer hours, easier work, more benefits. How often do we hear them discuss what they owe their employers?

Instead, do you not hear talk such as this: "If I take it easy, I won't have to do that job until tomorrow," or "I've done my share; let the other guy do a little work," or "That's good enough for the money I'm getting."

To suggest that these men are cheating would arouse a storm of insulted indignation. And yet a

man agrees to give a certain amount of time, effort, and work for a given wage. If he does not deliver, what would you call it?

Cheating is not a nice word, but it is the right one.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," shrugs Joe. "I'm not that important."

Indeed, Joe, you are important. You turn the wheels of industry all over the world. Without you there would be no industry, no products, no automobiles, trains, planes, medical instruments, clothing, lumber, food, the needs of life.

Also in the American tradition is loyalty to the ethical standard and love for Christian justice. The craftsman is proud, not only of the work of his hands, but also of his adherence to the ethics of his trade, to the principles of Christianity.

Two outstanding names in industry attest to these qualities: Henry Ford and Walter P. Chrysler.

Henry's first job in a machine shop paid him \$2.50 a week. Since his expenses cost him \$3.50 a week, he took additional work in the evenings to earn the difference. He did not look for a job which paid well but for one that taught him more about his chosen work.

In writing of Chrysler in *Twenty Modern Americans*, Alice Cecilia Cooper says: "Walter Chrysler made his two biggest advances by seeming to retreat. Twice in his life he fought to get new jobs, each of which paid only half the salary he had been earning. But the first job made him a machinist. The second put him in the automobile industry."

The vital need that exists today for men and women with the Christian point of view toward labor should be obvious.

This is where *you* come in. You who profess to be followers of Christ, the craftsman, the carpenter's son of Nazareth, must point the way for the rest of the world. Without workers there could be no world production. World-wide indeed is the effect of your choice.

1. List three or four trades which interest you the most: automotive; food; iron and steel; clothing; etc.

2. Read books and magazines; talk to people; visit factories. Learn as much about each as you can.

3. Narrow your choice to two; finally to one.

4. Read, listen, observe more and more about it. Try your hand at it, practically speaking.

5. As soon as possible, get a job in your chosen trade. In selecting that job, consider *not* money but opportunity to learn. If there is an apprenticeship open and you can qualify, accept it.

6. Take advantage of every opportunity to be active in your union, if there is one. Here is a spot where the Christian influence is sadly needed. It is a subject big enough to be treated by itself.

The foregoing is a six-point program for the young man or woman

who seeks to carry his Christian influence into the field of his chosen skilled trade.

Anything you can do in your particular corner of the world to uphold the dignity of the individual should be your aim.

Show the world that you are a Christian in the true sense of the word and that being a Christian does not mean narrow-mindedness, one-track-mindedness. On the contrary, live so that others can witness the broadmindedness, depth, richness and charity of Christian living.

Here is your chance to show that to be a Christian takes nerve and know-how and plenty of both.

The world has to go one way or the other, Joe's or Tom's. It is up to you because *you* are Joe or Tom.

Which shall it be?

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER



On Baking a Birthday Cake

Dear Heavenly Father:

Now comes one of the happiest chores on the kitchen calendar, for once again it is time to bake a birthday cake.

Let us not begin our busy day without a prayer of thanks for the blessed birthdays of those we hold most dear: for Grandmother, who now must have a simple sunshine cake; for bachelor Uncle Jim, who dotes on homemade chocolate cake with nuts and coffee icing; for grandchild Sandra Sue, who longs for layers tinted all the colors of the rainbow—only twice as many!

Let us not forget those separated from the ones they love, lonely on their special anniversaries. If we but try, perhaps we can squeeze in time to make a cake for the bedfast veteran in the hospital. Or for the old tailor down the street whose family was destroyed in the last world war.

May every lick of icing and every fluffy crumb show our love and great concern for others. And as the candles leave their trail of smoke, may our wishes be not only for momentary happiness, but for a life well lived, worthy of eternity.

Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN

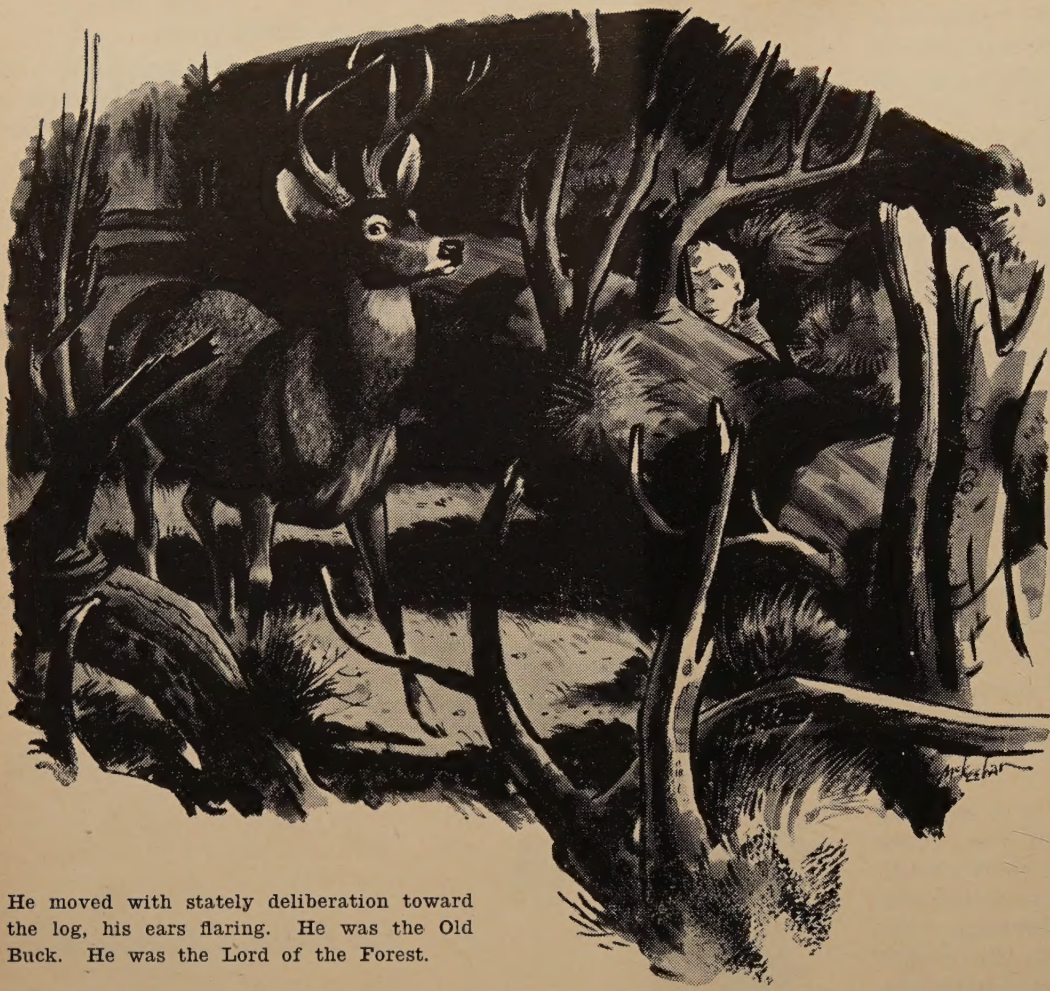


ILLUSTRATION BY
MURRAY MCKEEHAN

He moved with stately deliberation toward the log, his ears flaring. He was the Old Buck. He was the Lord of the Forest.

HE LAY in his hiding place with the redbuds close about him. His fair head rested on thin young arms. From below, at the landing, came the sound of the river, mighty with spring.

To Bud Sherman this was the thirteenth spring. All winter he had dreamed of going down the river on the hunting trip with his father and his brother Frank. Now they were leaving him behind. It had been so last year and the year before; the same excuses: too small, too young. This spring, like the others, found famine in his heart.

As he lay now among the buds of spring he remembered that Frank had gone when he was only twelve. He remembered it with bitterness and with envy. "Next year maybe, Son," his father had said. "There is a lot of danger in the West Branch now."

Roy Sherman was a barrel-built man with big shoulders and long

legs, firmly braced. He laughed much and shouted much. The soft and helpless appeal in Bud's eyes disturbed him but little. The older boy had never been like that. Frank had been a man at the age of fourteen.

There was whistling up the path. The boy in hiding raised his head. It would be his father and Frank; perhaps his mother as well. In a moment he saw all three come

single file down the trail. They walked to the landing and the canoe. They put the canoe in the water and began to load. He watched in agony. They put in the tent, the food, and the blankets. They placed the guns carefully in the bottom. All this gear made a mound amidships. He saw that there still would have been room for him.

The father and the older son,

Trap for Old Buck

leaning on their paddles, grinning, and saying good-by to the mother, seemed like brothers. In everything Frank was like his father. He had the same solidarity of movement, and his neck thrust into his straw-colored hair with the same red strength. They stepped into the canoe and settled themselves.

IN THE THICKET Bud stood up incautiously, hungering for at least the sound of his own name on his father's lips. He watched his mother bend down and his father reach up and pat her cheek. In the bow of the canoe his brother made little impatient splashes with the paddle. The agony within him was saying, *They don't even miss you. You were a fool to hide. It only makes it worse to hide.*

It was not too late. It would only take a few seconds to reach the landing. But he could not go. The canoe moved into the swift, black current, and they were gone.

The woman went quickly up the path. "Bud," she called. Her voice was tender. "Bud." But he did not answer.

Later, when the boy walked up the path to his home, his head was full of the vain, dreary idea that his father already missed him. *Perhaps, he thought, Dad will think I had some kind of accident, and that is why I wasn't at the landing. He'll worry about it and turn back home again.*

With this hope he entered the kitchen and, ignoring his mother's anxious eyes, went straight to his room.

That night Letty Sherman made her son sponge cake and ice cream and would not let him help with the dishes. Afterward she coaxed him into four games of checkers. Had her face not been so full of sympathy, she might have helped him. As it was, he felt sorrier than ever for himself.

Poor baby, she mourned to herself. Roy is so selfish. I should have made him take Bud this time. But she knew that she never would.

IT RAINED all the next day. At dinner Letty tried to cheer Bud up. She pictured the discomfort of his brother and father. "That's what I never could see about camping. Leave a perfectly good warm home to lie out in wet clothes and eat out of a greasy frying pan. Think of the trouble those two have taken to make themselves miserable tonight."

Bud moved his thin, straight shoulders in a restless shrug. He did not answer. He had been thinking of his father all afternoon. He saw the clearing in the pines and the olive-drab tent staked out so neatly, the ends of the freshly cut saplings white ovals. He heard his father's abrupt laughter coming from the tent and smelled the food cooking.

"Not bad, eh, Frank?" he heard him say. "Let it rain. I've never been rained out in this tent yet. I wouldn't take four hundred dollars for it, old as it is." Right now they were passing the evening lying under their blankets listening to the rain, close as brothers. He heard them enjoying their little victories over the night and the weather.

"Bet we could live here all summer like this, Dad," Frank would be saying.

"Sure. We could take that tarp in the canoe and make a porch with it out front."

"And build up a fireplace just at the edge of it—like this, see?"

LETTY'S VOICE, soft and pleading, broke in on Bud's reverie. "How about some checkers, dear?"



He got up impatiently from the table and carried his plate to the sink. "No. No, thanks."

"Well, I'll see what's on the radio." She sighed audibly and went into the front room.

Upstairs Bud turned restlessly on his bed. It was late. He got up and walked to the window. The dim shape of Stratton Mountain rose up not far away. The river curved at its base. Had the window been open, the roar of the river would have reached him.

The boy was there a long time, leaning his thin, spindling frame against the wall by the corner window. He made a dream: He found a water-logged canoe and cleverly repaired it. He ballasted it with flat stones and swept down the river, coming through the white water without a scratch. He paddled silently toward the yellow glow of his father's campfire on the shore ahead and walked up from the beach to it just as dusk fell. At first his father and Frank would not believe he had come through the rips in the river. He had to take them to the beach and show them the canoe.

Roy squeezed his arm and Frank hustled to get him coffee. "Well, I'll say!" said his father. "And here I thought the kid couldn't take it."

ROY AND FRANK were gone a week. Then one day they banged into the kitchen. They smelled of sweat and wood smoke, and both talked at once.

"Hi, boy! Hi, Letty!" Roy shouted.

Bud jumped up and hung on his arm. Roy shook him off, not without kindness. "Hey, feller, after all, I've only been gone a week."

"What a trip!" said Frank. "You know what we saw yesterday?" Frank and Roy looked at them expectantly.

"A bear?"

"No."

"A moose?"

"Nope. Better than that."

"Well?"

"The tracks of the Old Buck," Roy burst out. "It's

been two years since anybody's seen them. From the looks of those tracks he's bigger and heavier than ever."

Something wonderful always happened to Frank when he went out with Roy. *The Old Buck*, Bud thought. There weren't twenty men in the whole country who had seen him. They all hunted him every deer season, but the Old Buck fooled the best hunters.

It had been a long time since anyone had seen the Old Buck. He was almost a legend. But just when they thought he had gone forever, someone found his tracks again, unmistakably his because of their great depth and size.

"Yes, sir," Roy said, "the Old Buck himself. We followed the trail for a mile or so, but we lost it. You always do. No one'll ever get that feller. Too smart."

That night Bud dreamed he had tracked down the Old Buck and killed him and brought home the huge antlers, to the bewilderment of his father and Frank.

SPRING pushed on. Roy was a surveyor by profession, and Frank would follow in his father's footsteps. Often now he went along with Roy on jobs. Bud was more alone than ever.

Letty worried about him. He needed his father. She even spoke to Roy about it quite firmly. "You're with Frank so much, Bud

feels out of it. Take him on your next trip. Just overnight. It would mean so much to him, Roy."

"He's still a kid," Roy said.

Letty persisted.

"All right," Roy said, "I'll take him."

"When?"

"A week from this Saturday."

"Without Frank?"

"All right. Without Frank."

When Bud heard the news, his face shone. "I've been a punk father to him," Roy said to Letty. He rubbed his red, broad jaw. "But I . . . well, you know what I mean."

Bud talked of nothing but the trip. "Dad, I think we better take the tent."

"What for?"

"In case we have to spend the night outdoors."

"Well, we won't. It would just be a nuisance. We'll sleep in a cabin."

"Shall I bring my hatchet?"

"We'll talk about that when we pack."

"He'll drive me crazy before we even get started," said Roy when he was alone with Frank.

Three days before they were to leave, Roy came into the kitchen and threw his hat into the corner.

"You can kiss your old man goodbye, Letty," he shouted. "The power company wants me to do an emergency survey—a really big job. Got to start first thing in the

morning. I'm going to take Frank; we'll need a stake boy."

Bud felt the blood rush to his head. It sang in his ears. He could not swallow. Had his father forgotten about their trip together?

"But the trip, Dad?"

For the first time Roy seemed to notice him. "Business before pleasure, Son," he said. "I know, it's a tough break."

"But, Dad . . ."

Roy stirred impatiently, shoving his hands deep into his pockets, and hunching his big shoulders. "Sorry, Son."

Bud walked blindly out the door, across the porch, across the yard. In the barn, in the darkness, with the swallows twisting and twittering overhead, he sank to his knees and leaned against a manger. Dry coughing sobs shook him.

ROY AND FRANK had been gone for days. The long, empty summer vacation began. Each morning Bud rose late, puttered through breakfast, puttered through his chores, hung around the barn, hung around the kitchen, hung around in his room.

Now and then he would walk out listlessly to the overgrown pasture behind the house. Sometimes he carried his rifle and Letty would hear him potting tin cans with it. Anxiously she tried to shake him out of his dejection, but she was too sympathetic, too eager.

Then one day in June, Bud wandered with his usual aimlessness up into the pasture. The weather had been dry, and the cowpaths were dusty. He walked in the dust, his footsteps smoking, his eyes on the ground, seeing nothing. The path ran through a ruined place in a stone wall, and without thought or reason he sat down on this wall.

In time he found himself staring at a clear, small pattern in the dusty path. He knelt to see it better. It did not require much woodcraft to read the tragedy in these dusty hieroglyphics. The tracks of a mouse, like seeds on a string.

(Continued on page 30.)



"How is she on hills?"

Willing or not

Parents Are Teachers of Religion

By Lulu Hamilton*

PRISCILLA Robertson, who had been brought up by her father to be an atheist, and wanted to bring up her children in like manner, wrote an article in *Harper's* (Aug., 1952) titled, "What Shall I Tell My Children?" Being an honest and conscientious woman, she would not tell her children there is no God, but in answer to their questions about creation and life and relationships, she gave scientific answers instead of religious. The religion she reacted against seemed a caricature of religion, as I think of it. But in her earnest search for the basic values on which to build a faith to live by, she came to what is essentially Christian, "Thou shalt love," not only because Jesus taught it, she insists, but because it is the only right way to live!

In a later number (October) of the same magazine another mother, also brought up without faith in God, wrote how she had solved the problem of what to tell her children. After making an intensive study of religion—all religions—in order to be fair to her children, she came to the con-

clusion that she was no longer an atheist but a Christian. She is now teaching her children, and others as well, her newly found faith.

What impressed me as I read these articles was not the problem

or the solutions, but the great earnestness with which the parents considered them, their deep concern that their children should comprehend the faith by which they lived, and that they themselves should know truly their own beliefs in order to be honest with their children. It seemed in marked contrast to the complacency of many of us who call ourselves Christian. Scarcely knowing what we do believe in, we send our children off to the church school to be taught a faith by others. We want them to be good Christians, but we feel we are not qualified to be teachers of religion. So we turn their religious education over to trained teachers, just as we do their secular education, happy to know we have such good church schools. And we feel we have done our duty as parents when, by dint of great effort, we have sent them off in good time for church school on Sunday. So we were brought up, so we bring up our children.

Recent studies, however, show clearly that very little learning "sticks" if it is not incorporated into the family life by the parents. In a certain part of Eng-



Children, to be strong in spiritual powers and rich in inner resources, need more than once-a-week "have-you-got-your-Bible-and-offering," "hurry-now" support from parents.

*Mrs. Clarence S. Hamilton, author of the books: "Doorway to a Happy Home"; "Our Children and God."

land, illiteracy continued generation after generation in the adult population although the children were all taught to read and write in their early years. It was a puzzling situation until closer study revealed that the parents of the children did not read or write and did not care whether their children were able to or not. Since no one at home cared, evidently reading and writing were something you did inside the school building and nowhere else. So generation after generation let their literacy lapse when they left school.

Similar results were shown in another place where health habits had been taught in the schools but were disregarded by the parents. The children observed them well when in the schoolhouse or on the school grounds but at home they lived as their parents did, just as if health habits were necessary only in the school situation.

COULD THIS BE the reason why religion for so many is a Sunday religion, and attitudes of reverence and prayer are limited to the church building?

From biology as well as from psychology we have learned that a child's feeling of unity with his parents is the most important thing in his life. It is the most powerful, though often unconscious, demand of his heart and mind. He *must* please his parents, be loved and understood, or be taken account of by them. He will be as near like them as he can, talk like them, and have similar attitudes. His disobediences and rebellions are often for the sake of reassuring himself that his parents do care about what he does. To be out of harmony with them is his most painful and disturbing experience—to be avoided at all cost. So he loves what his parents love, and holds in reverence what his parents reverence. Likewise he holds unimportant what they do not cherish. Not by words is he informed of his parents' attitudes, but by their actions and by the emotional tones of their voices he learns enthusiasm or indifference, friendliness or intolerance, value or lack of value.

The LAW of LOVE

BY NONA KEEN DUFFY

If by Love's law

**We learn to live,
Not how to get,
But how to give;**

Had we the faith

**To know that might
Consists of good
And truth and right;**

That what we sow

**We surely reap;
That what we give
Is all we keep;**

If as a child

**We learn to pray
And learn to give
Ourselves away;**

If God's first law

**We rightly know,
Then peace will come
And wisdom grow.**

Whether they will or not, parents are the first teachers of religion because they inevitably transfer to their children their own true faith. Every child is a holy child as he comes fresh from the hand of his Maker, made ready for receiving love and responding to love by growing normally and happily in a loving family atmosphere. If his parents truly love him and love God, he is learning, from the time of his birth, about God. The godlikeness in his parents informs him. Here he is being "rooted and grounded in love," and if his parents and teachers encourage his spiritual growth, he will eventually "be filled with all the fulness of God."

Some conscientious parents hesitate to tell their children what they believe for fear of fastening on them some idea or point of view which they will outgrow later. In so doing, they discard all religion. What they fail to consider is that all growing people must deal with growing, changing ideas about every aspect of life

and of the world about us. Our children must cope with doubt and soul-searching experiences in order to achieve spiritual maturity. We would be poor parents indeed if we tried to deprive them of the pain of spiritual wrestling with the truth. Only thus can they achieve a true faith of their own.

AND IT IS right here that we need all that the church and the church school can give. Admittedly, we know only "in part." We can give the best we have and send our children to the church school for further teaching. That is one way, but far better is it to go with our children, and do some growing ourselves along with them.

New York City public schools have been trying the experiment of having parents and children learn together in the same class. Parents untaught in music learn to play an instrument alongside a child who is learning, and together they play in the orchestra. Or in an art class, parents and child work with clay or paints under the same instructor. They have found that this method has yielded values far beyond the mere learning of a skill. There is a marked increase of enthusiasm in the children for the study. Also parents and children built up a stronger bond of loyalty and togetherness when the children can help the parents learn as well as be helped by them.

In some church schools today children are not enrolled unless the parents, too, are enrolled, for the teachers believe that the learning process itself is incomplete without the fullest cooperation of the parents. Perhaps learning with our children would help us overcome the shyness and self-consciousness most of us have when it comes to talking about God or having prayers at home. Unfortunately, most of us were brought up in homes where religion was a Sunday affair and we had prayer at the table only when the preacher was our guest.

EVEN IF RELIGIOUS attitudes of reverence in everyday life do not come natural to us, we can deliberately cultivate them for the sake of our children. We may

never be free from inward embarrassment, but these attitudes, which for us are cultivated, will become as natural as seeing for our children.

In a family I know well, the mother of a small child had told her, in an academic manner perhaps, that God was the source of all good and beautiful things. Then one day in spring she saw this child of five dancing around the outside of their yard in front of a long border of tall, brilliant tulips. The child was going from one flower to another, bending down over each one as if whispering to it. Her mother asked her what she was saying to the tulips, to which she replied, rather indignantly, "I wasn't talking to the tulips. They haven't any ears to hear. I was saying, 'Thank you, God, for this beautiful flower! and this one! and this one!' Oh! I wish I could say 'thank you' for every single one. They're so beautiful!"

The teen-age son in another family was good-naturedly teased when he knelt to say his prayers in a summer camp. His fellow campers started calling him "the parson." Far from being embarrassed, he took it all good-naturedly, and when it was his turn to post instructions, signed himself "the parson." Now, ten years later, he is married and has a small home with his wife and baby son. His mother, who visited them recently, was deeply moved to hear him offer prayer at his own table with sincerity and deep feeling, and with complete naturalness.

PARENTS have so much power in determining the fate of their children. We are very keen to give them all possible advantages. But mostly we interpret "advantages" to mean possessions, or higher education, or travel, or belonging to the right social groups. The greatest advantage any person can have, however, is the possession of rich inner resources, spiritual powers, which come from knowing he is a child of God and no evil can prevail against him. A child does not acquire these altogether from what we give him as parents or church, but from what

he discovers for himself. Our responsibility as parents should be to provide the opportunity for him to discover.

Here I would enter a plea for every child to be given a chance to be alone sometime. How much of the time we push him around! "Hurry up and do this!" "Hurry and do that!" Almost every hour of his day is organized and scheduled for something. We are so concerned about his being socialized that when he tries to be alone,

we are afraid something is wrong. But he *needs* quiet and privacy and aloneness. His life is filled with too much noise, too many demands, too many people telling him what to do.

"Be still and know that I am God." A speaker to parents recently put it in terms like these: "Give the child an opportunity to be still and alone, and to know that he is himself and part of something greater than himself." This only parents can do.

STUDY GUIDE

I. Preparation for the Meeting.—

The leader in charge should encourage all members of the group to read the article. In addition, he should ask certain sure-to-come persons to prepare a question or two to start the discussion. To assist him, he should ask three assistants to lead the discussion on the three main divisions of the subject suggested below. If possible, he should provide each of his assistants with the resource materials suggested here and find out what other material is available in the church or public library.

II. The Leader Opens the Meeting.—

1. He gives a critical review of the article.

2. He asks the sure-to-be-there persons to present their questions. These are not to be discussed at this time but should be brought up in the three discussion periods conducted by the assistant leaders. Asking the questions at this time, however, will stimulate the thinking of others and encourage their asking their own questions later on. It is something like priming the pump.

3. He introduces his three assistants, who will each take a turn in leading the discussion for a predetermined amount of time.

III. First Assistant Leader Conducts the Discussion on: How are attitudes and ideas passed on from parent to child?

1. What was the attitude of your own parents toward other races—Negro, Jews, Italian, Japanese? Can you recall how your parents talked? The tone of their voices? The adjectives they used? Can you remember how you felt? Do you have similar attitudes now? If not, what caused you to change?

2. What was the attitude of your own parents toward church-going; giving to mission; carrying responsibility in the church? Was your father as much interested as your mother? Did this affect your idea of religion or the church?

3. How do parents, in everyday life, reveal reverence for life or faith in God? By thankfulness, grace at table?

By confidence and happiness? By appreciation of the good and beautiful? By spontaneous friendliness to other people? By the way they govern their home and children?

4. How can parents who recognize that they have some un-Christian attitude bring about a change in their own feelings for the sake of their children?

5. Suggested Resources:

Christian Nurture, by Horace Bushnell (Scribner's, 1916; \$2.00); Chapter 4, "Organic Unity of the Family"; Chapter 5, Part II, "Family Government."

Portrait of a Carpenter, by Winifred Kirkland (Scribner's; 249 pp., \$2.00); Chapter 5, "His Father's House."

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

plan to have a leader who may: **Conduct a Story Hour.** Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Children like to express their love through gifts. A gift might be made for Father on Father's Day. If not a gift, a greeting card would be appropriate. Suggestions for gifts and other things to make and do are found frequently in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, and books from the library.

Direct Games. Seasonal games are sometimes published in this magazine and in the story papers. Books of games may also be found in public libraries, books such as *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin, and *Children's Games from Many Lands*, by Nina Millen, which include many types of games, suitable for all occasions.

Doorway to a Happy Home, by Mrs. Clarence H. Hamilton (Bobbs Merrill, 1950; 234 pp., \$2.50); Chapter 6, "Family Prayers."

Our Children and God, by Mrs. Clarence H. Hamilton (Bobbs Merrill, 1952; 218 pp., \$2.50); Chapter 5, "Parents Are Important."

IV. Second Assistant Leader: What benefits are to be derived when parents and children study together?

1. Do you think parents and children of differing ages can study together without someone becoming bored?

2. Do you think the church school could or should have classes with parents and children together? What subjects might lend themselves to joint study? What age children might be interested in studying together with their parents?

3. Do you think it is possible for parents to find a time during the week when they can study the Bible lesson for the following Sunday with their children? What are the difficulties?

Lack of time? Lack of interest? Lack of materials?

4. If possible, arrange beforehand to have a church school teacher give a demonstration with a typical family group, to show how all ages may work together, each using helps suited to his age, but all contributing to the total study of some part of the Bible. The demonstration may include study of such subjects as geographical setting, historical background, customs of the people, and other religions of that time.

6. Suggested Resources:

Our Children and God; Chapter 10, "The Child Grows in Wisdom and Knowledge."

The Great Enterprise, by Harry Allen Overstreet (Norton, 1952; 332 pp., \$3.50); Chapter 10, "Living on the Spiritual Frontier."

V. Third Assistant Leader: What advantages do most American parents desire for their children?

1. What are the dangers to a child in an overstuffed education?

2. Which is the more important, to obtain a good education or to have emotional health and emotional maturity?

3. How does one learn to manage his emotions?

4. Do you think overstimulation of children is dangerous or common today? Is it caused primarily by things over which we have no control, or by the home atmosphere and overtense parents?

5. What is your reaction to the idea of every child having a time and place to be alone? When should we begin to leave him alone? Are there any dangers to guard against?

6. What ways have you found for all to have a quiet time together?

7. How can we encourage creative silence or quietness? By suitable books? Pictures? Self-expression?

8. Suggested Resources:

Doorway to a Happy Home; Chapter 3, "God and Our Children."

VI. Summary of the Principal Points by the Leader.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Place to learn things -----	22 66 63 43 56 22
B Color of the President's House -----	11 120 126 46 37
C To rotate with speed -----	20 81 84 125 23
D Name for pigeons that come back home -----	14 54 72 97 41 86
E Pleasing to the taste, like sugar -----	24 62 102 121 69
F The top of a house -----	115 60 110 44
G Officers of the law -----	123 71 9 18 70 15
H Homes for bees -----	31 79 101 64 74
I In the open; not inside -----	29 48 1 38 45 27 3
J Something used for catching fish -----	109 105 114 58
K Quick and clever in talking -----	61 5 119 57 28
L Prize for the lowest score -----	113 87 91 8 50
M Time of the year for skating -----	77 68 26 49 67 16
N The point directly opposite north -----	122 117 30 93 36
O Where people wear watches -----	96 103 124 95 19
P To prevent, or hamper -----	2 21 116 53 73 34
Q Quick, or rapid -----	90 13 94 118 35

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42
43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51		
52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	
62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	
72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82
83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91		
92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	
102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	
112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	
122	123	124	125	126	127					

Solution on page 31

R Term of endearment, meaning "sweet one" -----	78 10 65 32 104
S Whipped, or conquered -----	47 88 25 98 17 55
T The victor -----	4 92 106 59 82 76
U A violent and destructive wind-storm -----	85 39 83 6 33 7 51
V To duck in water -----	42 75 52 89 107
W Coat, pants, and vest -----	112 40 111 80
X To sharpen, as the appetite -----	108 99 100 127

RESOURCES FOR WORSHIP IN THE FAMILY

with Young Children

A WORD TO PARENTS.

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these materials, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds; (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size which he can tie together with a ribbon.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

Theme for June: THANK YOU, GOD, FOR CHURCH

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

Of course you want your child to grow up with love for, and interest in, the church. Now is the time to begin, for even at three years of age your child is beginning to learn about the church. How important it is that he learns the things which nurture Christian growth.

The church, to your three-year-old, probably means the nursery room, for that is where his experience has been. There he should have happy times playing both alone and with others. He should be able to feel the friendliness and love of the teacher and others, through their actions and tone of voice.

When he is at home, he can remember that church is the place where he has happy times looking at books, hearing songs and stories, and playing with others. You can help him think of those happy times, particularly when you are getting ready to go to church, by recalling some of the

things he likes to do at church. Then sing or say with him:

We are glad for church,
We are glad for church.
Thank you, God.*

Through the week, as you play together, you may pretend that you are going to church. The two of you may comb your hair, put on your wraps, make believe that you are getting into the car, or do any other things which you usually do before going to church.

Then you may tell a story from one of the leaflets, *Home Guidance in Religion*, and look at the picture on the front. Your child will enjoy these at home just as he does in church. With such happy experiences and such preparation, how natural it will be for your child to feel and say:

We are glad for church,
We are glad for church.
Thank you, God.*

*From *Learning in the Nursery Class*, by Eva B. McCallum. The Bethany Press. Used by permission.



To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut out the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR CHURCH

I was glad when they said to me,
"Let us go to the house of the LORD!"—Psalm
122:1.

Church Bells

On Sunday when the church bells ring,
Listen to the song they sing—
"Come to church," is what they say,
"Come and worship God today."

—DORIS WASER

Prayer: We are glad for church bells that call
people to church. We are glad for the church.
Thank you, God. Amen.

I GO TO CHURCH

I was glad when they said to me,
"Let us go to the house of the LORD!"—Psalm
122:1.

When to Church I Go

Very softly I will walk,
Very gently I will talk,
When to church I go.
Though I cannot see Him there,
God is with me everywhere;
He is here I know.*

—CAROLINE KELLOGG

Stories: "When the Boy Jesus Went to Church,"
My Bible Leaflet, No. 38; "When Jesus Was
Twelve Years Old," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 91.

Prayer: Dear God, I am glad for our church. I
like to go there. Thank you, God. Amen.

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by permission.

OUR CHURCH

I was glad when they said to me,
"Let us go to the house of the LORD!"—Psalm
122:1.

God's Church

Our church is such a lovely place,
With windows like soft-colored lace,
And with a ceiling far and high
All spread out like our roof of sky.
They have the sweetest music there,
Such pleasant talk and quiet prayer.
I know I like God's holy day,
And in his church I like to pray.*

—FRANCES MCKINNON MORTON

Prayer: Thank you, God, for our church where
we can hear sweet music and where we can
quietly pray. Amen.

*Abbreviated from *Story World*, March, 1934. Used by
permission of the American Baptist Publication Society.

CHURCH FOR OUR NEIGHBORS

Let us love one another.—1 John 4:7.

Our Dear Church

Our dear church was built
With love and work and prayer,
So that all the neighbors
Might find welcome there.

—SOURCE UNKNOWN

Prayer: Dear God, we are glad for our church.
Help us to show love to all who come there.
Amen.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut out the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR CHURCH

I was glad when they said to me,
"Let us go to the house of the LORD!"—Psalm
122:1.

The Church

A church
Is a very pleasant place
Where quietness and peace abound.
Where love of God
And love for man
In happy fellowship is found.

—OLAF HANSON

Prayer: Thank you, God, for church where we
can learn about your love and care. Help us
to show love to others. Amen.

CHURCHES EVERYWHERE

Let us love one another.—1 John 4:7.

I Go to Church

How glad I am to go to church
Where all the people pray.
I like to sit there quietly
And hear the organ play.

It makes me feel so good inside;
I feel that God is near.
And that all people everywhere
To him are very dear.

—JEANITA PURVIS

Prayer: Thank you, God, for churches every-
where. Amen.

OUR CHURCH

I was glad when they said to me,
"Let us go to the house of the LORD!"—Psalm
122:1.

This Is Our Church

This is our church;
We love to gather here,
Singing our songs of joy,
And knowing God is near.

Fathers and mothers,
Children large and small,
All find a welcome here,
There's work for one and all.

We are our church;
We want to help it be
A friendly group of families
All working happily.*

—FLORENCE M. TAYLOR

Prayer: Thank you, God, for our church. Help
us to be good workers there. Amen.

*From *Hymns for Primary Worship*. Copyright, 1946, by
The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

THE CHURCH IS EVERYWHERE

Let us love one another.—1 John 4:7.

The Church of God Is Everywhere

The Church of God is everywhere,
A shelter and a home; it stands
In all the world more firm and strong
Than any building made with hands.
No storm can shake the roof or wall,
And in it there is room for all.

The Church of God is safe and sure.
'Tis built of love and faith and prayer;
Its doors are ever opened wide,
And all who will may enter there.
On hill and plain, from shore to shore,
A home, a shelter, evermore!*

—NANCY BYRD TURNER

Prayer: Thank you, God, for churches every-
where. Amen.

*From *Hymns for Primary Worship*. Copyright, 1946, by
The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

TEN-YEAR-OLD Peter had been at our home most of the afternoon, fondling and playing with the new puppies of Pepper, Donald's dog. Though Donald had suggested other games, though the boys had called from the vacant lot down the street for the two of them to join in a game of baseball, Peter could not be stirred from the puppies.

Suddenly he became aware of the clock on the high school tower striking. With one of the puppies aloft in his hands, he counted the strokes. "Five o'clock!" he exclaimed. "Five o'clock, it said." He pushed the puppy into Donald's hands. "I've got to go," he announced in a positive tone. "It's time right now I was getting cleaned up. You see, Don, Mom and I are double-dating tonight with Bill Hyatt and his mother."

"Double-dating!" Donald's blue eyes opened wide. The expression was not new to him for he had two sisters. But the occasion for it frankly puzzled him. "What do you mean you're double-dating? What are you going to do?"

In a very sophisticated manner the small visitor replied, "We'll go past Hyatt's house and get Bill and his mom. Then we'll have hamburgers and French fries and pie at the Iron Kettle, and go to the ball game. If it isn't too late when the game's over, we'll go to Smith's drugstore."

Then swaggering a bit, he turned his back on the three fat puppies, my youngest son, and myself and hurried away. Behind, Donald watched, his brown eyes opened wide until Pete had turned the corner. He moved close to me and in a wistful tone asked, "Mom, couldn't we double-date with Pete and his mother some night?"

"I think so," I smiled back.

That little episode started me on a long line of happy adventures in double-dating with my sons and daughters and their friends and their mothers.

I call them adventures because a double-date should be an adventure. They were, back in my girlhood days when Henry, my husband; then a very young man, and

Mothers, if you've never tried it, a new experience awaits you, one that will deserve encores. To make it a complete success, you'll need to know the rules suggested here

Double

I double-dated with some other young man and his girl. I decided, when I promised Donald to have newer double-dates, that they, too, would be happy occasions.

When I began making preparations for a double-date with another mother and her son, I knew I must not allow it to become an occasion when two mothers got together in one pair and their little sons in another. It must truly be a foursome, with all of us enjoying the same activities at the same time.

"It's up to Donald to help plan the program for the evening since we are to be the host double-daters," I decided.

As he had planned, we ate chili and "hot dogs" for first course in a lunch wagon small boys thought tops. Then followed jumbo sundaes at the drugstore nearest the city stadium where the home team played ball. Inside the stadium, we sat out in the bleachers with the hope that one of the boys would catch a ball, which custom allowed him to keep. We mothers applauded

ed with vigor, as did our sons; we even booed, though softly, the decisions of the umpire termed very unfair by the bleacherites. Between innings, we ate melting ice cream from double-dip cones.

Before I went to sleep that night, I had been told by my son six times what wonderful fun he had had.

Later Pete's mother confided to me the reason she had started double-dating with her small son, his friends and their mothers. Quite simply she said, "I wanted to help him learn the art of making friends. You see Pete was shy, as was his brother, Mark. We didn't worry about Mark's shyness, feeling he would outgrow it. At first we said when he was in elementary school, 'He'll grow out of his shyness when he reaches high school.' He remained shy through high school but we felt college would change him."

She sighed. "But the draft got Mark before he could go to college. His homesick letters from camp nearly broke our hearts. Not until he was in foxholes in Guam and Okinawa did he learn to make friends. He came home to tell us to be more interested in Pete than we were in him."

I have learned that double-dating with my children, their friends and their mothers has actually started movements for the good of children in our town. For two mothers together, on double-dates with their sons or daughters, can see much better than one the needs of all children in our town.

Our teen-age canteen was started. A junior high school band was organized. The idea of open house for different departments of



At the city stadium, we sat out in the bleachers, watching the home team play ball.

Dating

our church school, with children from the same departments of other church schools as guests, came from a double-date when one small girl wistfully said, "I'd like to see if your church school room is as pretty as ours."

Too, the double-dates have been delightful adventures for the mothers as well as the children. At first I felt I had to bear all the responsibility of keeping the evenings from becoming dry, dull or disappointing to the others. Soon I learned that the children themselves liked to feel they were making the date delightful for the older persons.

I remember the night George, a forward on the high school basketball team, took me, and the other forward took his mother, to a college game. The boys paid all the expenses with money they had earned themselves. They insisted we wear the tiny gold basketballs



My son and another forward on the high school basketball team, took me and the other mother to a college basketball game.

which had been presented to them at the mother's club banquet, for which we had been co-chairmen.

I have been careful never to suggest a double-date on an occasion when I thought the youngsters would like to go with the "crowd."

The double-dates which were most valuable were those made while the children were in the elementary grades or junior high school. For that is the time they need help in making friends. And having learned their friends at this time, mothers have fewer worries about the "high school crowds."

In order to make the "double-dates" with your children great successes, you must be eternally young—as young in spirit as they are—but never kittenish. Be enthusiastic about the different episodes of the date. If anything unpleasant occurs, forget it immediately. Never mention it later.

If you double-date with boyish fishermen, learn to manage your own bait. If you double-date with your teen-age daughter and her chum, respect their giggles. By that I mean do not merely endure them, for the expression on your face will give you away and spoil the date. Try vigorously to respect the ages of the children and understand their idiosyncrasies.

Above all, learn to follow. You cannot always be the leader and make double-dates occasions which the children will want repeated.

Friendship with your children is something very valuable and sweet. A good way to foster this friendship is to double-date.



DO YOU NEED more interest and co-operation in your parties? Everyone likes to be recognized in one way or another, though some may be reluctant to participate in organized games and stunts. So plan to bring out the individual personalities of your guests and note the difference it makes.

Invitation. Be it an artistically designed card or an excited telephone call, make it the I-do-mean-you type. Plan your party according to the occasion, if there is one. If not, make one. It can be in celebration of Father's Day, of Anne's making the honor roll, or Bill's promotion, or Jack's finding his long-lost cocker spaniel, or Thelma's cousin's great-aunt Martha's birthday.

There is always an occasion for rejoicing if you look for one.



Decorations. Keep them simple but pretty or clever.

Rut-Removers. Change the cut-and-dried custom by serving the refreshments

first. Do not let a minute drag. Stop right in the middle of a game, and start group singing, or ask a certain person to "tell that one you told me this afternoon," or just change the game. Do everything backward or sing everything that is said. Get out of the rut and be different!

Scrambled Sentences. If the affair is for the announcement of an engagement, pass out paper and pencils and ask the guests to unscramble these words: *skwoobal, hotspook, leantm, friets, lul, rea, snoripeelsb, orf, Neusj', being-moc, Defsr', flew.* They will find the message is probably what they already knew: "Lawbooks, pothooks, mental strife—all are responsible for June's becoming Fred's wife," or whatever the names of the couple may be. Or, make up an entirely different sentence to suit the occasion, and scramble the words. But make it personal.



Scavenger Hunts.

Stage these in the room where you are having the party. List such articles as sap from a tree (gum), something red, white and blue (a blue-and-white book that has been read), light of other days (a candle), an evergreen (a dollar bill). Invent some of your own original names for such things as Sam's bow tie, Gertrude's wrist watch, Sue's nose, Walter's raven locks—something from practically everyone. Take the precaution to explain that all articles are in full view, not hidden.

Team Names. Before beginning any group games, relays, etc., divide the party into teams and give each team a name from some related names, such as those of the Seven Dwarfs, the well-known gelatin flavors, the thirteen original colonies, or whatever you like.

Whatever the occasion—Father's Day, Bill's promotion or honor-roll recognition for Anne—be sure to . . .

Personalize your Parties

by Jeanne Edwards

Crony-ology. Pass slips of paper and have each group list the most important events of the past year. These should be national, international, local and personal, especially the last. See which group can make the longest and most interesting list in a given time. Here is an opportunity to use the name of each guest present and to disclose information of an untold honor or happy event.

Singthetic Art. Everyone likes to guess and everyone likes to sing. So select some artist from each group and whisper the same song title to each of them. With pad and pencil, each should draw his impression of the sentiment of the song. Then the groups should try to guess its title. The group which guesses it first, must start singing it.

Singphony. For another singing game, pass slips of paper to each group, upon which are written the titles of two songs—for example, "O Promise Me" and "Sonny Boy." Each group takes a turn trying to sing the words of the first song to the tune of the second. This is quite an accomplishment, but with a good leader in charge of each group, it is surprising what can be done, or attempted.

Profilactic Art. Next, try making profiles. Place each guest, in turn, in such a position that his or her profile falls upon a sheet of paper thumbtacked or taped to the wall. Everyone takes a turn at posing and at penciling another person's outline. When all have been "photographed," place the drawings on display and see who can guess the most profiles. Select the most unusual one or the one with the most pronounced features and mount it on paper of contrasting color. Display it where all can see it at the same time. Now have the guests make "reasonably accurate facsimiles" by tearing it from paper.

Initialed Answers. Have each guest write his or her initials on a piece of paper and pass it to the person on the right. Ask the following questions, which are to be answered with words that begin with the initial letters: What do I look like? If I ever think, what do I think about? What is my favorite recreation? What is my one good quality? What will eventually be my end?

When all have answered, the papers are collected, mixed, and handed out again. Then each guest reads his slip, which might sound something like this: "I am Donald Harris. I am delightfully handsome. If I ever think, it is about dodging homework. My favorite occupation is driving horses. . . ."

Couple Quiz. Do some research work and find some difficult questions with the correct answers from an encyclopedia or elsewhere. Pass slips of paper, giving the questions to the girls and the answers to the boys. By matching questions and answers correctly, they will find their partners. They may have to do further research to find their *brain's* desire, but the game is more fun than matching pieces of hearts, advertisements, etc.

Mystery Message. Have your guests write the answers to the following questions. As soon as each one deciphers the message, he is to stand up.

If you are having fun, write *R*; if not, write *Q*.

If 8 and 9 are 17, write *E*; if not, write *X*.

If red, white and blue mean nothing to you, write *O*; if they do, write *F*.

If 42 inches make a yard, write *J*; if not, write *R*.

If roses are never red, write *M*; if they are, write *E*.

If Albany is the capital of New York, write *S*; if not, write *A*.

If squirrels ever sing, write *T*; if not, write *H*.

If you'd like to have a million dollars, write *M*; if not, write *N*.

If travel is educational, write *E*; if not, write *P*.

If doughnuts are round, write *N*; if not, write *K*.

If you like to eat, write *T*; if not, write *C*.

If you can count the stars, write *Y*; if not, write *S*.

(Continued on page 29.)





S e c u r i t y

What is that man doing?

Why is he acting so?

He talks so queer—

And acts so odd—

I'd really like to know!



Can you “splain” things, Mother?

Is everything all right?

If you say yes

And stay quite close

I’ll smile—I think I might.

Sure, I love you, Mother!

I like to have you near:

I hear your voice,

I see your smile,

And never have a fear!

—DORIS CLORE DEMAREE



Mrs. Cookie's Glasses

by Helen L. Renshaw

ONCE THERE was a very short, wide little lady. She lived at the end of a short, wide street in a tiny white house. She had plump rosy cheeks, and her smiling brown eyes made everyone she looked at want to smile too.

All her dresses were blue, like the sky. But her aprons were the colors of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. On Monday she tied on her red apron. On Tuesday she wore the orange apron. On Wednesday it was the yellow one, and Thursday it was green. Friday, her apron was blue, and Saturday it was indigo. Sunday's apron was the loveliest of all—a soft violet color.

The lady with the rainbow aprons was named Mrs. Cookie. She may have had another name, like Jones or Smith or Brown. But everybody called her Mrs. Cookie. That was because she always had cookies tucked into the heart-shaped pocket of her apron.

Sometimes there were fat sugar cookies; sometimes tiny lemon drops or juicy raisin squares. Maybe there would be chocolate wafers. But always Mrs. Cookie had some wonderful tasty-good cookies right there in her pocket.

Now no one could ever be found who had ever seen Mrs. Cookie baking all her cookies. Of course, she might have baked them very early in the morning, even before Mrs. Robin got up hunting for her breakfast. Some people said that she baked at

night, very late and by candlelight. But the children all said that the cookies came by magic. They said there was a magical word, like *abacadabra* or *hicc-moo*, that only Mrs. Cookie knew. All she had to do was say the word three times very softly and open wide her pocket. Then, presto! right away, fresh, crispy cookies filled the pocket right up to the top.

All the children loved Mrs. Cookie. Angie, with yellow curls, loved Mrs. Cookie. Jane, with the freckles on her nose, loved Mrs. Cookie. And Jimmy and John and Teddy and . . . why everyone just thought Mrs. Cookie was the very nicest person there was to know.

It might have been the cookies or even Mrs. Cookie's flower garden that brought the children to see her. But most of all, it was because Mrs. Cookie loved the children, too. She was never too busy to stop planting pansies and sit and talk. And she could say such funny, merry things that pretty soon everyone was thinking what a happy place the world was. Then, too, she always knew just what to do when any child had trouble. She would sit on the green bench under the maple tree. She would pull two cookies out of her pocket, one for the child and one for herself. Then she would shut her eyes very tight and just listen. Pretty soon she would nod and her smiling brown eyes would pop open wide. When that happened, she knew exactly what must be done

to set everything fine again. It was some more of her magic, making all kinds of trouble go away.

One day a new child came to live on the short, wide street. Her name was Ginny. Ginny was sometimes a very naughty little girl. She would get cross and stomp her patent sandals and shake her two red pigtails angrily. She even said cross words.

One day when there was no one to play dolls, Ginny walked down the short, wide street to the tiny white house. Mrs. Cookie was planting yellow daisies in her garden. Ginny swung back and forth on the garden gate.

Pretty soon Mrs. Cookie said, "Please come in. I have a nice swing in my yard. It is a lot more fun than the gate."

Ginny didn't answer. So Mrs. Cookie went to Ginny. She took a ginger cookie out of her pocket and held it out. "Are you hungry?"

Ginny's black eyes popped. "You are that Mrs. Cookie, I guess."

Mrs. Cookie looked up and smiled. "Come in, Ginny," she said pleasantly. "I have raisin cookies today. And you may help us pick the bluebells."

Ginny started to stick out her pink tongue, but then she remembered how good the cookie had been the day before. She opened the gate and went in.

"Angie and Jane are picking flowers for their mothers," said Mrs. Cookie. "You may pick some, too."

"I hate bluebells," said Ginny crossly. But she sat down on the ground to watch.

After a while Mrs. Cookie said, "We shall go into the house and find some ribbon to the our flowers." Ginny frowned, but she got up and followed the others. She saw that the tiny white house was cozy and bright inside. There were yellow curtains and a soft blue rug on the floor. On the table was a pretty pink plate filled with cookies. While Mrs. Cookie



stood on tiptoe, hunting for ribbon, Ginny went to the table. She grabbed up the plate of cookies and ran for the door. But something tripped her. She fell flat to the floor. So did the pretty pink plate, and it broke into three pieces. Ginny was frightened and it made her angry. She kicked the floor and screamed and yelled.

But Mrs. Cookie only opened a cupboard door and took out something. She went over to Ginny and helped her get up. She wiped Ginny's eyes and nose. Then she placed a pair of rosy red glasses on Ginny's turned-up nose.

Mrs. Cookie said to Angie and Jane, "Ginny has a very hard time seeing how rosy and happy our world really is. She shall wear the rosy glasses. They will help her smile more often."

Ginny screwed up her face, and then she looked through the rosy colored glasses. My goodness! Everything seemed so bright and gay that she almost wanted to smile right then.

"You may take them home," said Mrs. Cookie gently. "Some day you may not need them anymore. Then you may bring them back to me."

So far several days Ginny kept the glasses. When she felt cross she put them on. And it must have been some more of Mrs. Cookie's magic, because strangely enough, she wanted to smile and not frown. Sometimes she even felt like laughing right out loud, but she was just a little afraid to yet.

One day Ginny fell down and bumped her knee. Before this she had always cried and yelled until Mother came. But this time she got up and rubbed her knee. She saw it really wasn't hurt at all, and she started to smile. Then suddenly Ginny began to laugh.

Ginny ran as fast as she could down the short, wide street to the tiny white house. She held out the glasses to Mrs. Cookie.

"I don't need them," she cried. "See? I am smiling all by myself now."

Mrs. Cookie was smiling too.

Then she reached into her pocket and pulled out two plump cookies. "Are you hungry?" she asked gaily.

Ginny clapped her hands. "Oh, yes! And please, may I pick bluebells for Mother?"

Mrs. Cookie's smiling brown eyes looked very pleased. She put her arm around Ginny and gave her a quick squeeze. "We will pick bluebells and yellow daisies and bits of crisp green fern," she said.

Bravest Firefighter Of Them All

by Katharine Height

FELIX FIREFLY flexed his muscles, yawned and stretched. He was sick of flitting from fern to fern and bush to bush in an airy, spritelike sort of way. That was sissy stuff—no life for a firefly who had been elected Super Flashback on the football team.

His friend, Flossy Firefly kept reminding him of that when he was discouraged. Maybe that was what was the matter with him now. He missed Flossy. Probably right this minute she was having her side lights repaired in the Fernville Hospital.

"Sure hope she'll be all right," Felix sighed. "Oh, hum, only eight o'clock at night, and everyone's asleep in Fernville but me and the bats. Nothing ever happens in this town."

Bong! Bong! Bong! Felix jerked to attention, as the Fernville fire alarm sounded. Then with a Clang! Clang! Clang! the whole fire department went tearing by. Felix quickly glimmered along after them.

"It must be the Dragonfly Department Store, from the size of the blaze," Felix thought.

He was right. It was a big fire. By the time Felix reached Dragonfly's, the grasshopper firemen in their bright green helmets were busy chopping down the doors with their bright green hatchets, and the earthworms had all hitched together to run a big long hose line down to the puddle under the umbrella tree. Soon the crickets chirped in and started pumping the pumps, and spiders were climbing all over the building with the hose, streaming water into the windows.

Felix grabbed a hatchet and started to help the firemen smash down the door. "This is worth doing," he thought. Chief Grasshopper had just told Felix he could hold the hose next, when someone cried, "The lights! The lights! The fire has cut off all the lights in this part of Fernville."

Just then Buster Beetle came bursting in on his bicycle, panting, "All the lights are out in the hospital. They need emergency lighting. How about it, Felix?"

"Nothing doing," Felix answered. "It's much more exciting here. Let 'em find someone else."

Then Felix suddenly thought of Flossy. Maybe she was having her side lights mended now, and they needed light for her.

"OK, Buster, I'll go," he said. "Just let me get my gang."

Off Felix whizzed, and fast as a flash, he rounded up all his firefly friends. They shimmered off in a long line to the Fernville Hospital. Sure enough, they were needed for Flossy. Then they glowed and glimmered and gleamed, all in unison, so brightly and so fast that Dr. Door-Beetle could see almost as well as by daylight.

When they grew tired, Felix urged them on and on. "All together now, gang," he would say, "Just a little longer now! Just one more glimmer! Just two more glimmers! Just three more!"

When it seemed as if they couldn't possibly gleam another gleam, the real lights came on again. Dr. Door-Beetle thanked all the fireflies for their help, and told Felix he was sure Flossy would be all right now.

Felix drifted slowly back over to the big fire. He found it was practically out. "Just when I was going to get to hold the hose," he said. "Nothing exciting ever happens to me anymore."

It wasn't until next morning that Felix realized that he was the hero of the fire. When Johnny Junebug threw the Fernville Breeze on the front porch, Felix read in big headlines: "Felix Firefly Bravest Firefighter of Them All."

"Well, wait 'til Flossy sees that!" said Felix as he flexed his muscles.



Family Counselor

Here is a story about two vandals who smashed \$2,500 worth of windows. Do you suppose they had any sense of money values? Would you guess that they had operated a newspaper route? Were they regular church school attendants? Or members of the Boy Scouts?

Albert V., aged 37, is a talented Chicago police officer. "Dr. Crane, maybe you read the report about the two window-smashers in the Northshore area," he began. "Well, we finally arrested the culprits. They were high school lads. About midnight, they conceived the idea of loading their old automobile with brickbats. Then they cruised through the wealthy residential district and tossed the bricks at costly picture windows, as well as at several plate glass store windows in the shopping area. They were caught because one victim recognized their car as they went back over the area to see the damage and consternation they had caused.

"Their parents are fairly well off, so they are now paying the bill for the broken windows. It amounts to more than \$2,500. The boys said they just did it for 'kicks.' How do you account for such vandalism on the part of young folks from good homes?"

GOOD HOMES?

Homes aren't good just because they have well-kept lawns and are neatly furnished with expensive modern conveniences. The homes of the two boys weren't good or the sons would not have been allowed to grow up with such a casual attitude toward the value of money. You would not find newspaper carrier boys who would go forth on such a wasteful lark, just for "kicks." For newspaper boys, and all other youth who have actually toiled and sweat for their spending money, don't destroy property in this wanton fashion. You aren't likely to find members of the Boy Scouts or Girl Scouts or Camp Fire Girls guilty of such vandalism, either. And regular attendants at church school certainly would not be the type of young person to break windows.

It is folly to give children an

"allowance" without responsibility. The "allowance" plan is really a form of "dole." It causes children to expect something for nothing. And since they don't earn the money, they don't even value the money very highly.

USE HORSE SENSE

We psychologists admit that children should have money to spend. But they should obtain it in the proper way, which is by shedding sweat and gaining blisters or aching muscles.

You can set tasks to fit the limited strength and mental age, even of a kindergarten youngster. And be fair in your pay scale. Don't destroy the morale of the children in the block by offering your child or your baby-sitter an excessive price for a given task. Many wealthy parents also err in this manner by overpaying their children.

See that plenty of tasks as available so they can work as much as they want. But let them earn their money. Then, if they are later elected to public office, we'll see them using more horse sense with our state and federal expenditures. We can't expect efficiency in government when millions of homes are using the "dole" method of giving youngsters free allowances.



A recent picture of Dr. Crane and his family. If Dr. Crane tried to be an arm-chair psychologist, it is quite evident he would have only the edge of the chair to sit on!

By EVELYN FISHER

Mrs. Fisher, the mother of four children, ages 3-11, and a Cub Scout den mother, has headed church school departments of the First Baptist Church in Seattle Oregon

Are you keeping up with the Mrs. Johnsons or with the Mrs. Joneses? This writer suggests the Mrs. Joneses and gives her reasons why

Give Them

Something to remember



THEY ARE BABIES such a short time. Kindergarten, grade school, high school, college come in swift succession and your children are gone. Gone to build homes of their own instead of houses of blocks. And in all those years there wasn't time to help Johnny make a kite that he could really fly.

Yes, you meant to, but there was always a game of golf or maybe a cupboard to build. Tomorrow there would be time.

Maybe it wasn't a kite. It was just that you were going to take a minute and play house with that little brown-eyed girl. Now she has a house of her own with no memories of either her mother or dad ever having time to be interested in her doll's tea party. And I think of all the people

who are waiting for a special day to live and to enjoy life with their children.

Not long ago I was talking to Mrs. Johnson. She's an old woman now—old and a little tired. She lives alone, pottering about, trying to fill empty hours. Her eyes grew misty as she confessed to me, "There were so many things I always planned to do with my family—little things—and I kept telling myself I would, but I never seemed to find time. There was so much cooking, cleaning, mending. I always meant to have flowers on the table. They would have liked that."

Yet it took only a few seconds for my mother to cut those first spring roses. When we came to breakfast the room was charged with a spirit of love and festivity.

At each place was a delicately tinted pink rose with a touch of morning dew still hiding on the petals. I was only five but the surprise of Mother showing her love in that way still gives roses a special fragrance.

There are other memories of childhood that still leave a warm glow—sitting together with Mother and Dad on the porch in the twilight; fishing trips with my own willow pole, and Dad baiting the hook with a worm; milking time in the barn, with Dad taking time to squirt warm milk in my own folding cup; special family Sunday dinners, with fried chicken and homemade ice cream; Mother reading to the family at the close of a busy day.

Little things, aren't they? Memories are like that. True, our

lives are so removed from farms that maybe our children won't have the same memories as ours, but can movies, radio and television give them the same sense of family unity and security we cherish?

It isn't the elaborate preparation of a special outing or the clean walls and floors that are important. It's the companionship or interest shared in small things.

Remember the day Dad showed you how to skip rocks on the water? The lake was bluer than it had been in years. The sun was warm. Dad was a swell guy. Why, he could make a rock skip five times before it sank. Mom was along that day, too. She played baseball. Such little things, but that day of carefree play with your parents is locked in your heart forever.

Of course, you can't take a whole day off now just to spend with the family. Times are uncertain; cost of living is high. What free time you do have you need to paint the house or work in the yard. So, the days drift by, and then weeks

—fifty-two weeks make a year. You suddenly realize the children are a year older, or five or ten. They may not even want to do the things you've been planning so long.

The Jones family is becoming a legend in our block. There are five children, so work there is aplenty for Mrs. Jones. Yet we never see her without a smile or word of encouragement for our own troubles. Not long ago I met her at her gate, hand-in-hand with her two youngest. Inviting me in for a cup of tea, she explained away the dirty dishes and unfinished ironing with a twinkle in her eye, "The pussy willows are out. The babies and I went to see."

Mrs. Jones has learned a special secret—the secret that each little portion of time is to be enjoyed to the fullest. Dishes and ironing can be done when the children are in bed. But pussy willows can't be seen at night.

Perhaps that's best after all. There is so much we could enjoy with our children. Things that

would take so little time. Lying on the lawn watching an elephant playing tag with a mouse in the clouds is good relaxation. Dishes go faster if there's a family chorus. A ride in the car is more exciting if it is a streamliner.

I used to plan and plan all the things I was going to do when I had a family. We were going to read books together, have overnight camping trips, hikes, a family worship service, a place where the children could have their own garden and watch seeds sprout. In the meantime, the family came, and with it came obligations—church, school, social groups. I was caught in the millstream.

One morning I was busy typing a letter in the few moments before church time. Our youngest was only four but he had gained an insight into my ways as he queried, "Mommy, is it time to hurry yet?"

How much I was trying to cram into my life! There were so many things that really weren't important. Real pleasures were brushed aside until later. I was always in a hurry. Right then I decided to slow down and do some of the things I'd set aside for the days and years ahead. Too many times I'd said, "I'm too busy to play." Then I'd take fifteen minutes for a telephone conversation with a casual acquaintance. Certainly, those youngsters of mine were individuals too and just as worthy of my time and interest.

I made two lists and kept them handy to jog my memory. It wasn't long until my husband was consulting them, too. The first was a list of specific things I'd planned to do with the family. Yesterday, we painted flower pots and planted nasturtiums. Every Monday we have "Family Night." We play games, read or work on a special project together. We've started taking a few seconds after dinner for family worship. Strange we had never investigated the varied possibilities for one-hour outings in our own city parks.

The second list is of underlying principles to be considered in planning activities that I hope will

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Books for the Hearth Side

FOR CHILDREN

Girls and boys looking for something to do will find it in **Do It Yourself**, by Bernice Wells Carlson (Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, 1952. 159 pages. Price, \$2.00). Here is a book of tricks, stunts, and skits that will supply fun and frolic for youngsters who like to put on brief skits for friends and organizations. There is a carload of fun for everybody in this book.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Shouting Duke, by John Reese (Westminster Press, Phila., 1952. 133 pages. Price, \$2.00) is a fable in nine parts which is a feast for the imagination. Children who read of the adventures of the Grand Duke of Bello with the loud voice—"when he threw back his head and opened his mouth . . . his shout would ring from one end of the duchy to the other"—will see how people who take themselves too seriously will get into all sorts of trouble.

◆ ◆ ◆

Children of five to eight will delight in the story of **Chico**, by Eda and Richard Crist (Westminster Press, Phila., 1951. 80 pages. Price \$1.50). Chico is a little Mexican boy who is concerned about his father's crops which are threatened by a drought. How he tries to get it to rain makes a whimsical story that will keep little ears wide open for the next word. The book is charmingly illustrated by Richard Crist.

◆ ◆ ◆

Wyoming ranch life provides the setting for a pleasing story for eight- to eleven-year-olds in **Half Pint**, by Jeanne Wilson (Westminster Press, Phila., 1952. 96 pages. Price, \$2.00). Billy Little is "half pint," a small-for-his-age boy. He has a horse called Buster who is "kind of poky." How little Billy is really more than a half-pint in spirit and pluck as he tackles a man-sized job will carry the interest of young readers

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Two novels for young people by Betty Cavanna may well be put on your purchase list. They are **Two's Company** (1951) and **Lasso Your Heart** (1952). Both published by Westminster Press and selling for \$2.50. The former is the story of a young girl transplanted from sophisticated Manhattan to Williamsburg, Va., at the time of the restoration of the Colonial buildings in the latter place. How Claire Farrel, eighteen-year-old sophisticate, finally succumbs to the charms of the Southern city and to steady dependable Philip Young, architect, rather than to flashy actor Whit Bowden provides the basic interest.

◆ ◆ ◆

Lasso Your Heart, as the title implies, has a Western setting, specifically a Texas ranch. Two girls, cousins, but with different family backgrounds, discover each other under the spell of Texas ranch life. There is a complicated romantic pattern in the book that will create and hold the interest of older teen-age girls to the end.

FOR ADULTS

"Tell me, where is security found?" is an old question to which Wesner Fallaw supplies an interesting answer in his **Toward Spiritual Security** (Westminster Press, Phila., 1952. 192 pages. Price, \$3.00). Convinced that the widespread search for some kind of security demands continual attempts to meet it, he offers his theory that security can only finally be found in social relationships. Real security begins in the family and is strongly supported by church and community situations. He presents plans for neighborhood groups which can function to help individuals attain the sense of spiritual security.

Of most interest to our readers will be his suggestions on home and church cooperation in Christian education which is a fundamental means to attaining security. Indeed, he points out that the church cannot educate effectively without the assistance of the home.

While this book is probably aimed at church leaders, it would be well for parents to become acquainted with it. It will not be as easy reading as a novel but it will be more rewarding.

make richer, fuller lives for myself and my family.

1. Keep it simple and make it fun.
2. Find time for leisure each day.
3. Take time to see the beauty around us.
4. Take time to meet human needs.
5. Have place in life for worship.

These hours and minutes my husband and I spend with the family aren't extra ones we've found. Often we find it is just the attitude of our having time to be interested in their activities that seems to mean so much to them. It may be a matter of a family consultation and the substitution of one activity for another. Other times work is finished in record time because a

group outing is in the offing.

There is a new sense of comradeship and unity at our house. When we are really busy with adult problems and activities, the children seem to have a greater understanding of our being busy.

And in our attempt to give our children treasured memories, we must confess we'll never forget the family baseball team.

Personalize Your Parties

(From page 20.)

- If you want to be a success, write *A*; if not, write *B*.
- If you think black is white, write *W*; if not, write *R*.
- If Mozart was a musician, write *E*; if not, write *P*.
- If cats prowled at night, write *N*; if not, write *B*.
- If you love somebody special, write *O*; if not, write *G*.

If goats give milk, write *W*; if not, write *V*.

If Dwight David Eisenhower is President, write *R*; if not, write *H*.

If water seeks its level, write *E*; if not, write *J*.

If coffee is grown in Montana, write *P*; if not, write *A*.

If *D* is the fifth letter of the alphabet, write *B*; if not, write *D*.

If you are still having fun, write *Y*; if not, write *Z*.

If you are wondering what this is all about, read your answers down the line. (The answer is, of course, "*Refreshments are now ready.*")

Table Decorations. These should suit the occasion. Instead of place cards, have each guest's name written on the water glass with colored fingernail polish. Then, when the guests are about to be seated, ask each one to take his glass and find his Couple-Quiz partner and sit together.

Remember: These suggestions, which are flexible for any occasion or any group, should be *personalized* to make the most self-conscious person feel at ease and ready to have the time of his life.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Grandpa and God

By Ann Bracken

MY SIX-YEAR-OLD son came to me recently with this question, "Mom-mie, why do I have to go to Sunday church school if there isn't a God?" You see my father-in-law, whom he has had to live with since I became a victim of polio, brags of being an atheist. Loving his grandpa dearly, he is very attentive to what his grandpa says against God. It seems I could not find a satisfactory answer as I did not want to destroy the child's love for his elders.

One Sunday the right answer came to me as I sat in church listening to the small children recite verses. When my son's turn came, he was timid and scared of the audience. On the way home, I said, "Grandpa is afraid to say he be-

lieves in God, the same as you were afraid today." Included in his prayers now is this, "Please make Grandpa not so afraid, so he can go to church with me."

This Is the Way We Did It. . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

Trap for Old Buck

(From page 10.)

began to cross the path. They ended midway, bracketed by the fiercely spreading mark of a hawk's wings.

Bud stared. He had never seen anything like it before. In his mind he heard the rush of the hawk's wings and the scream of the mouse as the talons pinned it to earth. He felt the small creature's sickness as it died high over the fields, the roar of the beating wings above it, and he sensed as well the mad, proud thrill of the mastering hawk, as its talons cut deep into the softness and the hotness that was the thing they held.

To the boy it was as though he stood at the doorway of a new world, the whole, unseen world that throbs everywhere, but which reveals itself only in such snatches as these.

If I knew where to look, he thought, I could see it all. I could tell where the mouse came from and where the hawk took it.

His heart beat hard with sudden desire. He wanted to learn everything about this new world. His palms sweated, and impatiently he turned back to the house. The summer seemed already half over, so much time wasted.

In his room he found an old notebook and wrote on its cover in a careful hand, "Field Notes of Bud Sherman, from June, 1951, to . . ."

He was still writing his account of the tracks in the dust when Letty called him to his dinner.

JUNE PASSED, and July. The unexpendable energy of the boy's worship

of his father, finding no wheels to turn, flowed swiftly along the channels of his new passion.

Letty saw he had lost his slouch and his moroseness. He was quieter and less talkative than ever, but his eyes were no longer empty. *He's got hold of something*, she thought.

Each day he was up at daybreak. He traveled miles. Evenings he labored over his notebook. He felt like a pioneer in a new land. He whistled a great deal. Letty was made very happy by what she could see of this change, but she wondered how it would be when Roy and Frank came home.

September came. Roy wrote they would finish up before much longer.

"We had some excitement here last week," he added. "A black bear got into the cabin, and Frank shot it. He's skinned it and is going to bring it home. It's really a beauty."

Bud's school began, but he had only half his mind on it. Every spare moment he spent in the woods. He was venturing up on the slopes of Stratton Mountain now. Saturdays he was gone most of the time.

IT WAS ON one of those days that the incredible happened. Bud had been traveling a ridge above Beaver Pitch, walking with his knees bent, his thin, straight shoulders humped forward as he picked out the trail. He noted each point where his foot must fall, and automatically his mind registered anything unusual: a scuffed place in the leaves, a half-dead bit of weed, or a dislodged piece of moss.

He stepped onto a rotting log that lay like a dam across the mouth of a little depression. The log made a damp

place on its uphill side. Looking down on this, the boy saw tracks in the soft, black earth. He slipped off the log to investigate.

He bent over the tracks casually at first, then crouching intently, he felt a thrill run into the hairs at the back of his neck. He clenched his hands in excitement. "The Old Buck," he breathed.

He straightened up, dazed, and plucking absently at a button on his windbreaker. He was thinking of his father. He had not for weeks thought of him with any longing. His whole mind had been on woodcraft. Now he thought of his father, seeing his big, red face, his brisk hair, and hearing his big laugh. He remembered how his father had looked that late afternoon when he and Frank came in from their trip down the river and they told about the Old Buck's tracks. He remembered the shake of his father's hand as he had said, "We followed the trail for half a mile or so, but we lost it! You always do. No one'll ever get that feller. Too smart."

The button on the boy's jacket was turning and twisting in his fingers. He trembled slightly. Suppose that he, Bud, got the Old Buck. He began to follow the trail with all the concentration of his knowledge of woodcraft. At first it ran straight, but then it turned into some spruces, and he lost it. He marked the place with a blaze. He went back to where the tracks were clear and deep, and there he studied them.

"It's him all right," he said to himself. "They're half again as big as any I ever saw. And much deeper. Wait till I tell Dad."

On his way down the mountain, he traveled in a dream. He thought of what he would say to his father and what it would be like to guide his father to the spot. Together they might even see the Old Buck.

He was still in a half-dream when he walked onto the porch steps and heard familiar laughter. He opened the kitchen door and went into the bright light that for a moment blinded him. He saw his mother smiling anxiously at him from her place by the stove. Then he saw Roy and Frank, their hair in need of cutting, their faces tanned an Indian red.

Roy threw up his hand in greeting. "Hi, Son."

"Dad!" Bud's mind darted to the great news. Now it would not have to wait. "Dad, I . . ."

Roy pointed to the floor, grinning as he asked, "Well, what do you think of it?"

For the first time the boy saw the big bearskin unrolled on the linoleum.

"What do you think of Frank knocking off that little feller?" his father said.

"He nearly got me," said Frank. The summer had made him a full-grown man. He spoke with an assurance that separated him forever from the world of boyhood. "I put four slugs in him, but he kept right on coming."

Bud tried to smile. He remembered that he had not taken off his knapsack. It gave him a reason for turning away.

Letty saw the old miserable yearning in his eyes. She spoke out tenderly. "You're home late, Bud, dear." She looked at Roy meaningfully. Roy stopped in the middle of a sentence.

"Your mother has been telling us about you, Son," he said. "Says you're quite a woodsman now. Where have you been today?"

"On the mountain," Bud said, hanging up his knapsack and speaking without turning.

"See anything interesting?"

It was his chance to tell about the Old Buck, but it was all spoiled now.

"No," he said. "Nothing worth telling about."

THE BOY could not sleep that night. He got up and looked out to the moonlit slopes of Stratton Mountain. The anger had left him, but its ashes were cold and hard within him. "I'll show them," he whispered.

He thought about his plan. It was a simple plan, and in his bitterness it did not seem fantastic. He would track the Old Buck until deer season. Then he would kill him. He would not bother to tell his father and Frank what he had done. It would be an important thing, and it would be in the paper.

So it began. Week after week the boy grimly followed the deer. Sometimes he lost him, and sometimes he was only a few minutes behind him. He found the ruses by which the Old Buck had led a charmed life. He saw that the buck did not follow the regular deer runs, but ranged, instead, over a wide territory. Also, that the buck did not browse in the meadows at night with the others of his kind, and when all the deer moved onto the open ridges, lured there by the beechnuts, the Old Buck did not join them.

As Bud followed the big tracks, he began to see that the buck's habits followed a rough pattern. It seemed that he moved counterclockwise around the mountain, returning to his starting place once in every five to seven days.

"I can use that," Bud said to himself. "If what I think is true, I can work something out."

When Roy first came home from the survey job he had been conscious of the change in his son.

"What's eating the kid? What's he got on his mind?" he asked Letty.

Letty gave the only explanation she knew. "He never got over your not taking him on that trip, I guess. You should have written him, at least. But he seemed happy enough here this summer with me."

HUNTING SEASON was at hand. In his room Bud cleaned his rifle with minute care. His plans were made. He

had decided on a still hunt. He knew, because of the Old Buck's habit of circling the upper ridges around the mountain, just where the deer would be within the next few days. He had his ambush already picked out. There was no doubt that he would kill the Old Buck before the week was over.

It was dark when he left the house, dressed warmly against the hours that he might be lying in the woods. He noted the direction of the wind. He knew the country so well by now that he moved with confidence up the old logging road that ran onto the mountain.

It was dawn when he reached the place and noted the wind again. "Good," he said. He lay down behind the log he had chosen for his cover and looked over it and through the sights of his rifle to test his view of a glade in the spruces. There were a few branches in the way. He got up and cleaned them out with his hunting knife. Then he loaded his gun, laid it in readiness across the log, and settled for the long wait.

A still hunt is a war of nerves. As the hours drag past and nothing of the hunter is active but his brain, the tediousness, the inactivity, the ache in his bones, the cold ground under him, or the flies, or the sun, or the rain—all work on him to shake his confidence in the choice of position he has made.

The boy behind the log did not fret. He knew he was right. He lay there most of that day. Noon hour passed over the forest. Upon it the shadow of the mountain waned and then waxed again.

IT WAS LATE afternoon when a twig snapped on the far side of the glade. The boy eased his rifle to his shoulder. He knew the hour had come.

A hundred, perhaps a thousand times, Bud had thought of this moment. He had pictured it in each detail. Yet he was in no way prepared for the great animal that stepped into the glade less than two hundred yards away. The antlers swept up and up, sharp and

delicate as coral at their points, massive at their base. They seemed jet black. The chest and forequarters were enormously broad in proportion to the slender-muscled legs below. Like the antlers, the coat was darker than that of other deer. It blended perfectly with the spruces all about.

Bud lay still, the steel of his rifle cold against his cheek. From a considerable distance below came the report of a shotgun. The buck heard. He walked up the clearing toward the log. He moved with a stately deliberation. He walked so close that the boy could see the shining eyes, the black dampness of the muzzle. He walked with his head up, his ears flaring, his black nose savoring the still autumn air. He was the Old Buck, the Lord of the Forest.

It was a great moment. It was a triumph. It was like watching a parade of heroes to see that buck go by. He was so sure, so calm, so unafraid.

The boy moved his finger to the trigger of his gun, but he did not know it was there. The joy of so much secret beauty that was his to see made him already rich.

He needed nothing more.

In a moment the glade was as empty as before.

LONG AFTER the buck was gone the boy did not move. Only little by little did thought return to him, a confusion of memories and disappointments and desires that linked him with this great moment.

They flowed into him and he thought of the day he had hidden above the landing, longing and miserable, of the little foxes by their den, of his father and Frank with the bearskin between them on the linoleum, of his mother calling him as she went up the trail, of the noise that swallows made high up in the darkness of the barn, of the little mouse he had never seen and that had not lived to cross the dust to the green world upon the other side.

They had all brought him to his triumph in the forest; yet none of them would ever have all of him again.

At last he rose and methodically emptied the chambers of his gun and walked down to the glade. In a bare spot of earth he found the clear, familiar print of the hoof. He bent over it.

Below, and more distant still from the Old Buck's path, the shotgun fired again. Bud straightened up, smiling. "If that's Dad . . ." he began, but he did not finish. Sometime he would tell Roy—perhaps when the season was over. He was in no hurry to do it now.

A little crumb of dirt toppled into the buck's fresh track. Bud knelt down beside the hoofprint and touched it curiously, tenderly, half expecting that it would be warm.

Then he rose, and whistling a little through his teeth, started slowly down the mountain.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram, page 14.

"The wind blows where it wills, and you hear the sound of it, but you do not know whence it comes or whither it goes; so it is with every one who is born of the Spirit" (John 3:8).

The Words

A School	M Winter
B White	N South
C Whirl	O Wrist
D Homing	P Hinder
E Sweet	Q Swift
F Roof	R Honey
G Police	S Beaten
H Hives	T Winner
I Outside	U Tornado
J Hook	V Douse
K Witty	W Suit
L Booby	X Whet



June Journalette

... June—the traditional month for brides (grooms, too?) is with us again. You have your choice of three alternatives for the origin of the name of the sixth month. Did it derive from *Juno*, the name of the consort of Jupiter, or from *Junius*, the name of a Roman patriot, or from *juniores*, with its particular reference to youth in contrast to *maiores* (May?), which is dedicated to age. . . . Whatever the origin of its name, June is a good month for the family. It is probably the month in which more homes are started than in any other. It is also the month when many ministers hold special services to honor couples whom they have married and to pay tribute to those long wedded. Last, but not least, Father's Day is being observed in the middle of the month, although it has not attained the universality of recognition that has been accorded Mother's Day. . . . A last reminder to some of you who may be considering attending a family camp. Write quickly to Mr. Joseph J. Hanson or Mr. J. D. Montgomery at the respective addresses listed on page 2 of the Cover, about the nearest camp to you and your family. . . . Remember! The open highway is more fatal than curves, crossings, or street intersections. Drive carefully all the time!

The Summer Is Yours!

The three months of summer offer a gold mine of opportunity for families.

Play together! There are an infinite number of ways that you and your family can have fun together during the summer. Make an earnest effort to work some of them into your family schedule. Back numbers of summer issues of *Hearthstone* will have suggestions that you may not yet have used. Talk over with the whole family what you would like to do together this summer for recreation.

Work together! There is not a single household group in the country but what could find some project at which the family could work together. Families

owning their own homes will find any number of such work opportunities. Those who live in crowded city apartments or tenements may find it more difficult, but it can be done.

Worship together! Of course, you will worship with your family in your home as you do throughout the year. And you will find your way together to the worship services of the church. But you will also find many occasions for informal worship moments during the summer days and evenings as your family works and plays together. Indeed, some of the richest experiences of worship will be at such times.

Yes, indeed! Summertime is family time!

Marriage's Most Dangerous Year

Many marriage counselors believe that the most dangerous year of married life is the first. Just as the first three years are the most formative ones for molding the character of a child, so the first year molds the character of a marriage to a large extent. It would be well if every young couple who enters into the blessed "estate of matrimony" during this month could be impressed with that fact.

It is here that ministers have a golden opportunity. In counseling a couple before the day of the wedding ceremony, he can point out to them how much the adjustments of the first year will mean to the success of their marriage. *Hearthstone* urges ministers most strongly to prepare themselves for effective premarital counseling. It also urges young people who are "setting the date" and making their plans to include a talk with the minister before the ceremony.

It is just as important that married couples experiencing difficulties in making the many adjustments involved in marriage seek guidance either from their minister or from a reliable marriage counselor. It is no longer necessary for any couple to "go it alone" or depend on the philosophy "sink or swim."

If you sense your marriage is facing rough going, seek help, for there is much help available.



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